


FIFTY YEARS OF "THE CORNHILL." By Lady Ritchie,  
Thomas Hardy and E. T. Cook.

3421



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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES /  
VOLUME XLVI.

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VOL. CCLXIV.

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## ST. MARY'S YARD.

The stones were crowded once like old  
men there,  
Turning their shoulders to the road,  
Not caring what its cry and market-  
mood,—

Old men long past their hiring at the  
fair.

But now wise time has swept the  
graves away,

And new-come April I have seen,  
Clad in her delicate cloak of white  
and green,

Calling pale children there to come and  
play.

The graves are gone,—save one that  
for some reason,

Some marble pride of name and race,  
Has in that mortal garden kept a  
place:

A lordlier tomb,—not subject to dis-  
seizin.

And there,—not April now, for May  
was come,—

I saw a sight as we went by,

A sight to call down Mary from the  
sky,—

I saw a child dance on that prouder  
tomb.

Half babe, half girl, she waved her  
hands and sleeves,

And bent, brown-haired, to see her  
feet

That trod the cool gray stone, and set  
their beat

To drop as light as raindrop on green  
leaves.

Below, the dust,—the dead one, dead  
for years,

Must surely feel some darts of spring  
Strike down, I thought, at her young  
revelling,

And find a string start in his moulded  
ears.

He must remember what he used to  
feel

When the young blackbirds took the  
tree,—

Or on the grass, he caught the spic-  
ery

Tossed from the herbage by the brown  
colt's heel.

But what should darkness know of  
morning light,

Or dust of any dancing feet,  
So quick as these that set their girl-  
ish beat

To match the morning at the door of  
night?

How should the midnight know of any  
morrow,—

Or comprehend her as she slept?

The dancing child,—she did not know  
he slept;

That left me sad for joy and glad for  
sorrow.

The dancing child knew nothing,—nor  
did he

There, in his deep sleep, hear the  
dance:

Now God be thanked for that great  
ignorance!

Youth knows no death; Death, no lost  
ecstasy.

*John Lazarus.*

*The English Review.*

## TO OTHERS.

Ye who can roam where thrills the  
tawny corn,

Or wade through seeded grass, or  
who can stray

Across the meadows as they make  
the hay,

Or where the dewdrop sparkles on the  
thorn—

If you could lose, but for a single day,  
Your use of limb, your power to  
pluck the may

In rutty lanes where thrushes sing  
all day,

I wonder, would you speak of life with  
scorn?

God knows, I would not keep you pent  
for long

In that close cage where anguish  
pecks the husk

Of Life's spilt millet, upon which it  
thrives;

But long enough to let you learn the  
song

Which captive thrushes sing from  
dawn to dusk:

An hour or two would make you love  
your lives.

*Eugene Lee-Hamilton.*

## FIFTY YEARS OF "THE CORNHILL."

THE FIRST EDITOR AND THE FOUNDER.

BY LADY RITCHIE.

What we call, and what our children in turn will call old days, are the days of our early youth, and to the writer the old days of the "Cornhill Magazine" convey an impression of early youth, of constant sunshine mysteriously associated with the dawn of the golden covers, even though it was in winter that they first appeared.

Recalling those vivid times, she cannot but think instinctively of the friend who also lived them, whose voice, never unheeded, whose influence, always counting for so much, was that of the tender wife and helpmate, the thoughtful companion of George Smith's far-reaching life of generous achievement; to whom he ever turned and his children with him, and of whom we all think with affection and grateful trust as we celebrate the jubilee of the old "Cornhill."

Not many words are needed to speak of this jubilee which we now record. There is nothing new to say, except that which happily is not new, and continues still to belong to its traditions; no less than in the days when the Founder of the "Cornhill," the Builder of so many great enterprises, first spoke to the first Editor. Through the long years which have followed, and when Leslie Stephen was Editor in turn, that good tradition has not changed.

"Our magazine is written not only for men and women, but for boys, girls, infants," my Father says. And to add to this there is what each of us may remember for ourselves. What philosophies, what noble utterances have rung from the familiar shrine, and what honored voices have uttered thence!

I am told that my Father demurred at first to the suggestion of editing the "Cornhill." Such work did not lie within his scope, but then Mr. George Smith arranged that he himself was to undertake all business transactions, and my Father was only to go on writing and criticising and suggesting; and so the first start of the "Cornhill" was all gaily settled and planned. The early records of the start are of a cheerful character—no time is lost—business questions are adjourned to Greenwich, to dinners, to gardens—meetings abound. . . .

I have an impression also, besides the play, of very hard and continuous work at that time; of a stream of notes and messengers from Messrs. Smith & Elder; of consultations, calculations. I find an old record which states that "in sixteen days" the "Cornhill" was planned and equipped for its long journey.

My Father would go to Wimbledon, where the young couple Mr. and Mrs. George Smith were then living. Later on it was Mr. Smith who used to come to see my Father, driving in early morning after morning, on his way to business, carrying a certain black bag full of papers and correspondence, and generally arriving about breakfast-time.

On September 1, 1859, the following entry occurs in Mr. George Smith's diary:

"Went to dine at Greenwich with Thackeray to talk about magazine."

On January 1, 1860 (only four months later), the first number of the "Cornhill" was published.

On January 3, 1860: "Called on Thackeray on my way to the City;

signed agreement respecting 'Roundabout Papers.' Mr. Thackeray in very good spirits at the success of the 'Cornhill.'"

"January 27, 1860.—No. 2 published—ordered 80,000 to be printed. Called in Bride Lane to see how they were selling the second number of the 'magazine.' The demand very rapid."

"January 30, 1860.—Ordered 100,000 to be printed of 'Cornhill Magazine.'"

"May 31, 1860.—To Thackeray with first volume of 'magazine.'"

Anthony Trollope, a stately Herald, opened the first number of the "Cornhill" with his delightful history of "Framley Parsonage"; my Father wound up with the "Roundabout Paper" called "On a Lazy Idle Boy," and he describes the magazine while addressing the young reader:

"Our 'Cornhill Magazine' owners strive to provide thee with facts as well as fiction," he says, "and though it does not become them to brag of their Ordinary, at least they invite thee to a table where thou shalt sit in good company."

Further on he writes concerning his own story, "Lovel the Widower," and "Framley Parsonage," of "Two novels under two flags; the one that ancient ensign which has hung before the well-known booth of 'Vanity Fair,' the other that fresh and handsome standard which has lately been hoisted on 'Barchester Towers.'"

Father Prout's beautiful inaugural ode also appeared in this first number. It is addressed to the author of "Vanity Fair":

There's corn in Egypt still  
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill!)  
Give each his fill;  
But all comers among  
Treat best the young;  
Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from  
thy bins,  
But slip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's. . . .

And the poem concludes with a grace almost sung to music:

Courage, old Friend! long found  
Firm at thy task, nor in fift purpose  
fickle:

Up! choose thy ground,  
Put forth thy shining sickle:  
Shun the dense underwood  
Of Dunce or Dunderhood:

But reap North, South, East, Far  
West,  
The world-wide Harvest!

The Poet of the past sang of the may be; the Poet of to-day sings, in lines well worthy of their place, of the might have been; but the two songs do not clash. The harvests have ripened in turn. "The High Crusades to lessen tears" are following on the harvests. The world has gained in justice and in knowledge; and true teachers, wise, hopeful, and sincere, still hold their own among the brawling empirics of the hour.

Mr. George Smith has himself told us of how the first idea of the magazine came to him. He says:

"The plan flashed upon me suddenly, as did most of the ideas which have in the course of my life led to successful operations. The existing magazines were few, and when not high-priced were narrow in literary range, and it seemed to me that a shilling magazine which contained, in addition to other first-class literary matter, a serial novel by Thackeray must command a large sale. Thackeray's name was one to conjure with, and according to the plan, as it shaped itself in my mind, the public would have a serial novel by Thackeray, and a good deal else worth reading, for the price they had been accustomed to pay for the monthly number of his novels alone."

We know how successfully "the plan" worked, what a remarkable and willing army of helpers joined the enterprise.

Many of the growing convictions of to-day were first pre-echoed in those bygone pages. I remember, long after my Father's death, hearing Leslie Stephen, who was then Editor, speaking with admiring warmth of some of Ruskin's later writings—"Unto this Last," or, perhaps, some subsequent publication. When the series first appeared in the "Cornhill" so great an outcry was raised that the papers had to be stopped.

Names are recorded of those who used to meet at the "Cornhill" dinners month after month—honored familiar names of those who worked then, writing pages still read, designing pictures which are not forgotten. When the time came for my Father to leave the Editorial Chair these meetings went on, and he, too, still belonged to the good company, only he felt the great relief from the straining and recurrent cares of editorship. In March 1862 he wrote to Mr. Smith resigning his post:

36 Onslow Sq., S.W., March 4, 1862.

*My dear Smith,*—I have been thinking over our conversation of yesterday, and it has not improved the gaiety of the work on which I am presently busy.

To-day I have taken my friend, Sir Charles Taylor, into my confidence, and his opinion coincides with mine that I should withdraw from the magazine. To go into by-gones now is needless. Before ever the magazine appeared I

was, as I have told you, on the point of writing such a letter as this. And whether connected with the "Cornhill Magazine" or not, I hope I shall always be

Sincerely your friend,  
W. M. Thackeray.

This letter was followed by another.

36 Onslow Sq., March 6, 1862.

*My dear S.,*—I daresay your night, like mine, has been a little disturbed: but *Philip* presses, and until this matter is over I can't make that story so amusing as I would wish.

I had this pocket-pistol in my breast yesterday, but hesitated to pull the trigger at an old friend. My daughters are for a compromise. They say: "It is all very fine Sir Charles Taylor telling you to do so and so. Mr. Smith has proved himself your friend always." *Bien*. It is because I wish him to remain so that I and the magazine had better part company. Good-bye and God bless you and all yours. W. M. T.

Now that the "Cornhill" has fulfilled its vigorous fiftieth year, it is impossible for those nearly connected with it not to look back with pride at its faithful career. The words of the Psalmist come to one's mind—"Using no deceit in his tongue, nor doing evil to his neighbor, swearing to his neighbor and disappointing him not, though it were to his own hindrance." Such words most fitly speak of a history which is, happily, not ended.

#### AN IMPROMPTU TO THE EDITOR.

BY THOMAS HARDY

Yes; your up-dated modern page—  
All fancy-fresh as it appears—  
Can claim a time-tried lineage

That reaches backward fifty years,  
(Which, if but short for sleepy squires,  
Is long in magazines' careers.)

*Fifty Years of "The Cornhill."*

—Here, on your cover, never tires  
The sower, reaper, thresher, while,  
As in the seasons of our sires,

Each wills to work in ancient style  
With seedlip, sickle, share, and flail,  
Though modes have since moved many a mile!

The steel-roped plough now rips the vale,  
With cog and tooth the sheaves are won,  
And wire-work hurls the wheat like hail;

But if we ask, what has been done  
To unify the mortal lot  
Since your bright leaves first saw the sun—

Beyond mechanic furtherance—what  
Advance can rightness, candor, claim?  
Truth bends abashed, and answers not.

Despite your volumes' gentle aim  
To lift the mists, let truth be seen,  
Pragmatic wiles go on the same.

Though I admit that there have been  
Large conquests of the wry and wrong  
Effected by your magazine.

—Had custom tended to prolong,  
As on your golden page engrained,  
Old processes of blade and prong.

And men's invention been retained  
For high crusades to lessen tears  
Throughout the race, the world had gained!  
But—too much, this, for fifty years.



## THE JUBILEE OF THE "CORNHILL."

BY E. T. COOK.

1001. Cornhill Magazine, from its commencement to the present time, illustrated with several hundred engravings, clean, in the original wrappers, in all 599 parts, forming 100 volumes. A Bargain, being a remarkably cheap series of this important and interesting periodical, from the library of a gentleman in the country, containing most valuable information not to be found elsewhere, contributed by writers of eminence, on subjects biographical, historical, literary, &c., and stories by the most celebrated writers of fiction. Invaluable to the general reader.

I never come upon an entry of this sort in a catalogue without a certain pleasure, which the bookseller's zeal cannot utterly destroy, nor yet without a certain pang, which his wiles cannot wholly assuage. *Habent sua fata libelli!* So, then, popular magazines which in these days one sees casually bought, roughly opened, lightly discarded—the moment's plaything of a listless reader in the railway—were once carefully stored, each number set scrupulously in its appointed place, preserved "in the original wrappers," too, and "clean"; yes, and by readers not a few are so kept even unto No. 599—not the least valued possession, it may be, in some "King's treasury" of the rectory, the manse, or the house in the wold. In looking up an old volume of the "Cornhill" the other day, I came upon "A Scribbler's Apology." It is unsigned, but was written, if I mistake not, by a valued contributor whose articles on popular science were for many years one of the attractions of the Magazine. He seems to have had a premonition that before long he would lay aside his pen for ever. He makes his retrospect and concludes, in the scribbler's favor, that he has been "earning his livelihood, not indeed like

the shoemaker with a clear consciousness of social worth, but in a relatively harmless and unblameworthy fashion." It is a too modest claim. The thoughts, the information, the reflections contributed by him and hundreds of "scribblers" besides, on other subjects, have fired many a spark, aroused many an interest, thrown light on many a dark place, we cannot doubt, among thousands of readers. The "Cornhill," or other favorite magazine, has been the monthly visitor, eagerly expected, gladly welcomed, and sometimes, as we have seen, never allowed to leave. And in this continuity of life even the occasional article by some unknown pen—the happy thought which perhaps once only moved an else silent mind to effective expression, or the one successful essay, it may be, of an often-rejected contributor—shares equal place by right of inclusion between the yellow covers, with the papers of some great master of style, or the stories "by the most celebrated writers of fiction." Such are the pleasant thoughts which my bookseller's catalogue suggests, not inappropriately, I think, in connection with the Jubilee of the "Cornhill."

But then comes the pang. "A complete set of the "Cornhill." It is to be found in many libraries, public and private. But of the many copies printed of each number, how few, in the case of any magazine, can ever hope to survive! And then, even when each copy has been preserved, there arrives the time of dispersal or dissolution. What will be the fate of my bookseller's set. Honored place and worthy binding, let us hope (with a good impression of the cover duly pasted in), in some other library. But sets are often broken up, and the dis-

jointed members enjoy but a precarious spell of life. A large mass of the literature contributed to magazines is doomed by inevitable laws to oblivion. One reads a striking article, and says "I must keep this" or "make a note of that." But few of us do it. The "Cornhill," however, by resolute adherence to one good practice, encourages us. It is lightly stitched with honest thread, and the favorite article can be readily taken out for preservation, if we will. The inventor of wire-stapling, which prevents ready opening of the pages, which rusts and which requires a carpenter's operation for its removal, will have to endure, I warn him, long years of penance in the bookman's purgatory. Thackeray's latest books, the last pages of Charlotte Brontë, the first appearances of many a poem by Tennyson, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Meredith and Swinburne, and of many a collected volume by Matthew Arnold, by John Addington Symonds, by Leslie Stephen, by Robert Louis Stevenson and a host of other "writers of eminence," are all to be found in the back numbers of the "Cornhill." If a book-lover has not the requisite space to keep the whole set of the "Cornhill," what a collection of "first editions" he might make by cutting its threads! But this is a counsel of perfection which few follow. "A back number!" It has become a proverbial phrase for what is dead and done with. Many of the contributions made by the great men survive, indeed, in collected books; but they are often prodigals, and discard much of their original writings. A considerable amount of their work, and a great mass of admirable work by lesser known authors, survive only in the back numbers, and it is a shadowy survival. Well, the handiwork of the happy shoemaker of the "Scribbler's Apology" does not last for ever; it is something, in literature also, even to

serve the passing hour. To those whose occasional writings are buried in a magazine I would commend a vision of the bookman's paradise as seen by William Blake; and in such comfort as it may bring, let me include the sorrows of rejected contributors. "Ah, well, my dear," said he to his wife when publishers proved unkind, "they are printed Elsewhere—and beautifully bound."

I have referred to the novels in the "Cornhill." It was out of the serial publication of fiction that the idea of the "Cornhill" and of other popular magazines at low prices arose; and this chapter in the history of the British publishing trade is curious in that the offspring, as it were, absorbed its parent. Fifty years ago it was a common practice to issue novels in monthly instalments. A happy thought occurred thereon to Mr. George Smith, the only begetter of the "Cornhill." There had been the monthly reviews for a century or more, and there was the serial publication of novels. Smith's idea was to combine the two, giving to the public, at the price of the then cheapest magazine, both the contents of a general review and the monthly instalment of fiction. In the popular price he was not absolutely first in the field, for "Macmillan's Magazine," also at a shilling, had started two months ahead of him, but it made at that time no great specialty of fiction. The best fiction by the best writers was Smith's plan; and it has been maintained, as every reader of the "Cornhill" knows, throughout its fifty years. On this side of it, the history of the "Cornhill" with its successive contributions from Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Charles Lever, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, William Black, James Payn, Henry Seton Merriman—to speak only of those who have

passed away—is the history of British fiction. The magazines with their serials have continued from that day to this; the serial publication of novels, apart from them, has ceased to be.

The mainstay of the new Magazine, as conceived by Mr. George Smith, was to be a monthly instalment of a novel by Thackeray, and as soon as he made terms to that effect he went ahead with his scheme. It was a happy after-thought which led him to persuade Thackeray to become editor as well as chief contributor. Anthony Trollope has left it on record that in his opinion Thackeray was an indifferent editor. Trollope was a large contributor and a warm friend, and he ought to have known; but the reasons he gives do not carry conviction. Thackeray had too thin a skin, it seems; had not he necessary hardness of heart; found it painful to reject contributions from widows and orphans with nothing but the *res angusta domi* to recommend them. Thackeray hated doing it, we know; he has told us so in his "Thorns in the Cushion"; but the question is, "Did he do it all the same?" If he did, the pang of the kind heart interfered nothing with the efficiency of the editor. I have looked for the articles of which Trollope may have been thinking as palpably below the "Cornhill" standard, and protest that I cannot find them. FitzGerald, it is true, speedily scented a taint of decline, but he was an epicure. "Thackeray's First Number," he wrote, "was famous, I thought; his own little Roundabout Paper so pleasant; but the Second Number, I say, lets the Cockney in already: about Hogarth: Lewes is vulgar; and I don't think one can care much for Thackeray's novel." What a standard does FitzGerald set in ruling out G. A. Sala's illustrated paper on

Hogarth, and George Henry Lewes's "Studies in Animal Life," and "Lovel the Widower" as not good enough for the "Cornhill!" But Trollope cannot have been thinking of these. A second count in the indictment is that Thackeray was unmethodical; never took to his desk, I suppose, at the same hour each day, to turn out a regulation number of words by the clock; did not, it is more specifically alleged, answer letters promptly and decide the fate of contributions *instantly*; dilly-dallied with troublesome affairs; even lost a manuscript now and then. All this one can well believe. A letter has been printed from Thackeray to Sir Henry Thompson which bears upon the point. "Hurrah," he wrote, "have found your leg!"—a sentence cryptic enough until it is explained that the great surgeon had at Thackeray's request written a paper for the first number of the Magazine describing an operation "Under Chloroform," that the editor mislaid the manuscript, but that "the leg" turned up in time for a later number. No harm was done. It was a capital article, equally good at any time.

Again, Thackeray was not afraid of what, if it appeared in the newspaper Press of to-day, might be called sensational journalism. In one of his earlier numbers he published under the title "Stranger than Fiction" a sufficiently startling account of some spiritualistic séances, which excited much attention and controversy at the time. The editor's note was as follows: "As Editor of the Magazine I can vouch for the good faith and honorable character of our correspondent, a friend of twenty-five years' standing; but as the writer of the above astounding narrative owns that he would refuse to believe such things on the evidence of other people's eyes, his readers are therefore free to give or withhold their belief." An ingenious exercise in the

art, not unknown to some other editors, of making the best of both worlds! Thackeray had, too, what the journalists call "a keen eye for copy." There is a letter from him to Anthony Trollope which well expresses a craving common to all "enterprising editors":

I hope you will help us in many ways besides tale-telling. Whatever a man knows about life and its doings, that let us hear about. You must have tossed a good deal about the world, and have countless sketches in your memory and your portfolio. Please to think if you can furbish up any of these besides a novel. When events occur, and you have a good lively tale, bear us in mind.

"A good lively tale!" The "new" journalist calls it, I believe, "a good news story."

What were the worst thorns in the editorial cushion? The necessity, I imagine, for one thing, of hurting the susceptibilities of contributors by considering those of Mrs. Grundy.

The lady's decrees vary from generation to generation, and the fortunes of a magazine are from this point of view a chapter in the history of conventions and taste. In these days stronger meat is often presented in public than was permissible in mid-Victorian times. "Thackeray has turned me out of the 'Cornhill,'" wrote Mrs. Browning in May, 1861, "but did it so prettily and kindly that I, who am forgiving, sent him another poem. He says that plain words permitted on Sundays must not be spoken on Mondays in England, and also that his 'Magazine is for babes and sucklings.'" "Lord Walter's Wife," though it contained "pure doctrine, and real modesty, and pure ethics," was thus ruled out on account of Mrs. Grundy. Thackeray's letter was printed by Lady Ritchie in the

"Cornhill" for July, 1896, and appears also in the "Letters of Mrs. Browning." Everyone who remembers the letter, or cares to turn it up, will know how greatly Thackeray hated doing the thing, and with what admirable and gracious taste he did it. He had his reward. He lost a good poem, it is true, but he got another, and he kept a deeply valued friendship. The biography of a later editor of the "Cornhill" admits us behind the scenes of another tragi-comedy of a like kind. It was one of the "Cornhill's" privileges to print Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." Leslie Stephen admired the tale greatly; but there was a point at which, he averred, "three respectable ladies had protested," and they were representatives, he doubted not, of other Mrs. Grundys. "I am a slave," he wrote, in pleading for "gingerly treatment," and afterwards in declining "The Return of the Native." "Such were noses," comments Stephen's biographer characteristically, "in the mid-Victorian age." Happily Stephen's sacrifice to Mrs. Grundy left no more sting behind it than Thackeray's.

The nose of orthodox convention was equally acute in spheres other than the relations of the sexes. To the early numbers of the "Cornhill" Ruskin contributed some papers on political economy (*et de quibusdam aliis*), entitled "Unto this Last." At the present day, when economic thought and political practice have come largely into line with Ruskin's ideas, it requires some effort of the historical imagination to realize the storm of indignant protest which the essays raised. It was as fast and furious as any theological heresy-hunt. Ruskin's papers were denounced in the Press as "eruptions of windy hysterics," "utter imbecility," "intolerant twaddle"; he himself was held up to scorn as a "whiner and sniveller," screaming like "a mad govern-

ess," "a perfect paragon of blubbering." Even a cool and detached observer like Philip Gilbert Hamerton was shocked at "those lamentable sermons appearing in the 'Cornhill Magazine.' When a great writer is once resolutely determined to destroy his own reputation," he wrote in "A Painter's Camp," "it is no doubt well to do it as speedily, as publicly, and as effectively as possible; but Mr. Ruskin's real friends cannot help regretting that he should have given his crudest thoughts to a million readers through the medium of the most popular Magazine of the day." By other critics the attack was pressed against the editor and the proprietor of the Magazine. "For some inscrutable reason," wrote one, "which must be inscrutably satisfactory to his publishers, Mr. Thackeray has allowed, &c., &c." Such blows went home, and after four of the essays had been published, the conductors of the Magazine bowed before the storm. Thackeray had to convey to his friend a sentence of excommunication. Ruskin did not quarrel either with Thackeray or with Mr. Smith, but he was deeply hurt. He believed that "Unto this Last" was his best book—most pregnant in ideas, and most successful in style.<sup>1</sup> His repute at the time was as an art critic, but great men seldom accept the popular judgment of their several achievements. Heine dismissed his lyrics as "not worth a shot," but accounted himself great as a tragedian. Goethe took no

<sup>1</sup> Many Oxford men of the 'seventies will remember an unprinted lecture in which Ruskin incidentally analyzed 'a purple patch' in the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' and compared it, greatly to its disadvantage, with the closing sentences of 'Unto this Last.' It was an admirable lesson in some of the principles of style. The curious in matters bibliographical may note in the "Cornhill" a misprint in a passage quoted by Ruskin from Hesiod. It reappeared in every edition, in every language, until the recent Library Edition—a compliment to the general impeccability of the Magazine in such matters!

pride in his poems, but much in his scientific researches. Mr. Gladstone was prouder, I suspect, of his studies in Olympian theology than of any political exploit; and Paganini, when complimented after a concert on his violin playing, asked impatiently "But how were you pleased with my bows." The more Ruskin was acclaimed as a critic and a word-painter, the more he resented not being appreciated as an economic thinker. He has had his will, for at the present day it is a fashion to discard his art theories and accept his economics. "Unto this Last" has become the most widely dispersed, and perhaps the most influential, of all his writings. But this is not to cast any reflections upon Thackeray's judgment at the time. An economic heretic, like the poet of Wordsworth's Prefaces, "has to create the taste by which he is to be admired." The conductor of any popular magazine or other "organ of public opinion" may well be a little ahead of his public, but he cannot afford to be too much ahead. Ruskin fared no better under Froude in "Fraser's Magazine" than under Thackeray in the "Cornhill." The economic essays were resumed in "Fraser's" shortly afterwards, and met there with a like suspensory order.

"Thou shalt not shock a young lady"; this Leslie Stephen used to say was the first editorial commandment; nor shock accepted creeds either. Yet it is difficult to draw the line, and Stephen printed W. E. Henley's "Hospital Outlines" and several chapters of Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma." The difficulty of steering a course between the "three respectable ladies" on the one side and the critical judgment, unfettered by conventions, on the other, must always be among an editor's most annoying worries. Thackeray was neither a pachyderm nor a man of business habits; and after two

years and a half of "thorns in the cushion" he resigned the editorial chair. His editorship (Anthony Trollope notwithstanding) was a brilliant success. The success of the Magazine had indeed been ensured from the day when Thackeray's editorship was known.

The "Cornhill," as Dickens said, was "beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name." He made notable contributions himself, and was able to ensure them from others. Not that he was alone in the field, but his friendships and his literary standing enabled him to come off never second best. One would like to have been an unseen spectator at Farringford when Mr. Alexander Macmillan and Thackeray successively journeyed thither to cozen contributions out of Tennyson. "Macmillan's" had "Sea Dreams"; the "Cornhill," "Tithonus." I do not know which of the friendly rivals had first choice, or that any choice was given to either; but who will dispute that "Tithonus" is the better poem? Tennyson himself did not. Thackeray's first six numbers included contributions, besides his own and Tennyson's, from Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, Emily Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, Tom Hood, Washington Irving, Charles Lever, G. H. Lewes, Lytton, George MacDonald, Monckton Milnes, Laurence Oliphant, Adelaide Procter, Father Prout, Ruskin, Fitz-James Stephen, Anthony Trollope, and (among artists) Leighton and Millais. Did ever a first volume make a braver show? Thackeray, however, did not rely merely on names, and indeed, in 1860, not all of these names had yet the full authority which they afterwards acquired. The signed stories, poems, illustrations were all of their author's best, and there were added unto them many articles in which the subject-matter was certain to at-

tract popular attention. The success of the Magazine was instantaneous and well sustained. The circulation reached what was then the unprecedented figure of 100,000. An American friend of Thackeray has recorded a pleasant scene showing the editor's delight. Thackeray had gone for a holiday jaunt to Paris, where he met J. T. Fields. They walked about together, and whenever they passed a group of excited talkers on the boulevards, Thackeray would stop and say, "There, there, you see! The news has reached Paris. The circulation has gone up since my last accounts from London." The proprietor was equally pleased, and in his generous way doubled Thackeray's already not inconsiderable salary, as editor, forthwith. Thackeray's resignation had little effect, I think, on the success of the Magazine. For two good reasons. He continued to contribute, and the Thackeray tradition long survived. Also, he had founded something of a school in magazine literature; there was always somewhat of the Thackeray touch in the "Cornhill."

"Have newspapers souls?" The question, which I have seen debated in ingenious articles, has a morbid interest for some of us. "The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned." It is not easily to be discerned even in long-lived newspapers; though as these have sometimes a policy which does not always change with every passing gust, the rudiments of a soul may now and then be traced. But can a magazine, which is professedly a miscellany, which brings together articles on all subjects, often with no link except that they are contained within the same cover—can a magazine have a soul? In turning over the pages of the hundred volumes of the "Cornhill," I have been on the search, and I believe that I have



found it. The range of subjects is very wide, the methods of treatment are infinitely various. Politics and public affairs have for the most part been avoided, though the fringe of them is often touched. They are not always touched to the same effect. So, again, in the innumerable articles on literature and morals, of travel, of anecdote, and of criticism, the writers have different opinions, different manners, different points of view. Sometimes in turning from Leslie Stephen to J. A. Symonds, from Fitzjames Stephen to Matthew Arnold, or in passing from "The Great God Pan" to "Parrots I have Known," I have given up my search for the common soul of the "Cornhill." Yet on a general retrospect I seem to have a clear impression of a certain unity. The "note" of the "Cornhill" is the literary note, in the widest sense of the term; its soul is the spirit of that humane culture, as Matthew Arnold describes it in the pages, reprinted from the "Cornhill" or "Culture and Anarchy." Any collector of the "Cornhill" who treasured his or her 509 numbers in the original parts was well qualified, I dare aver, to graduate in *litteris humanioribus*.

The form in which this spirit has most particularly expressed itself in the pages of the "Cornhill" is the essay—not necessarily the essay on literary subjects, but the essay which, whatever its subject, treats it in the temper of humane letters. Thackeray set the model in his "Roundabout Papers"—masterpieces of style, and "models," as Leslie Stephen has said, "of the essay which without aiming at profundity gives the charm of the playful and tender conversation of a great writer." This was what I meant by "the Thackeray touch" which had never forsaken the "Cornhill." It reappears, with equal grace if with somewhat slighter texture, in the essays which during many years past have ap-

peared in its pages from the pen of his daughter, and perhaps most notably in those "Blackstick Papers," even the first of which, in December, 1900, many of its present readers remember. Leslie Stephen was a prince of essayists, and the number of his contributions in that sort to the Magazine is very large. Many were reprinted in "Hours in a Library"; the identity of several others, not reprinted, was disclosed in Professor Maitland's Memoir, but these are only a tithe of the whole number. Stephen sometimes sought to put readers off the scent by appending to his essays initials other than his own. I know not why; perhaps because he modestly but unnecessarily feared that readers might have "too much Stephen." Stephen's "Cornhill" essays were in many respects unlike Thackeray's; they were more strenuous, connected and direct; perhaps the sap was a little drier, for Stephen was no sentimentalist; but they have a very pleasant flavor of their own, and a refreshing common sense which is not so common as it might be in the modern essay. "The only sting in it," said George Meredith, of Stephen's "Cornhill style," "was an inoffensive humorous irony that now and then stole out for a roll over, like a furry cub, or the occasional ripple on a lake in grey weather." After many years of "L. S.," readers of the "Cornhill" found a new series of essays signed "R. L. S."—"not the Real Leslie Stephen," as was explained to Mr. Gosse, "but a young Scot whom Colvin has discovered." Nine of the essays which Stevenson collected in "Virginibus Puerisque," and several of those in "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," made their first appearance in the "Cornhill." The first so to appear, on "Victor Hugo's Romances" (August, 1874) was also the first piece, Stevenson used to say, in which he had found himself able to say things in the way in which

he felt they should be said. "L. S." did a good turn to "R. L. S." in taking so much of his early work, and not less a good turn to readers of the "Cornhill," who for some years had the pleasant chance of finding an essay by Stevenson in its pages. And here let the great army of the rejected take comfort. Even the most discerning of editors sometimes make mistakes, and even "R. L. S." did not always find the door open. The essay on Raeburn, included in "Virginibus Puerisque," was rejected by Leslie Stephen and by at least two other editors. The series of "Cornhill essays" has been continued in later days in the "Pages from a Private Diary" and the "Provincial Letters" of Canon Beeching, and in many a page signed "E. V. L.," or "A. C. B." But it were invidious to particularize further. I have said enough to establish my point that the "Cornhill" has been an Alma Mater of the essay.

Magazines, like newspapers, often have a tradition which survives many changes of editors. I do not think that all the changes in the editorship of the "Cornhill" could be detected by internal evidence, but there are certain landmarks. Thackeray resigned in March, 1862, and then the editorial labors were for a time in commission, so to speak, shared by Dutton Cook, Frederick Greenwood, and George Smith himself. In 1871 Leslie Stephen was appointed to the chair. I can detect little difference in the character or quality of the Magazine during the first twelve years (1860-71). There is a reason for this, I suspect, other than the one already indicated. In the land of "Cornhill" there was a succession of Prime Ministers, but the Sovereign remained the same, and his influence, though exercised with unostentatious tact, was, I suspect, great and constant. Mr. George Smith was strong where Thackeray was weak. If the editor

was unmethodical, the proprietor was the soul of punctuality and orderliness, sparing no trouble, entering into every detail. The method and the handwriting sometimes proclaim the man. I have been permitted to unlock and peep at the most sacred *arcana* of the "Cornhill Magazine." They consist of a series of leather cases, each containing half a dozen little ledgers. In these Mr. Smith entered, month by month, in his own minute and pleasant hand, the subjects of all the articles and illustrations, the prices paid to every author and artist, the number of copies sold of each number and of each volume. For many years there is no trace of any assistance from clerk or deputy. It is easy to see that the "Cornhill" was among the dearest to him of his many and multifarious enterprises. Thackeray called him "the Carnot of our Recent Great Victories." Thackeray's immediate successors would not, I imagine, have said otherwise.

With the accession of Leslie Stephen in 1871, Mr. Smith may have somewhat relaxed his direct control upon the Magazine. The Master of Peterhouse is quoted by Stephen's biographer as saying "It may safely be asserted that from Thackeray's day to our own no English Magazine has been so liberally interfused with literary criticism of a high class, and at the same time remained such pleasant reading, as the 'Cornhill' under Stephen's management." I believe that Dr. Ward's verdict will be endorsed by all who remember or refer. The fiction was as strong as ever, and the general contents were varied and readable. Stephen's editorship was the time not only of very many pieces from his own pen, but of Stevenson's essays, as aforesaid, of Symonds's "Greek Poets" and "Sketches and Studies in Italy," of many articles on art or literature by

Mr. Gosse and Mr. Colvin, of Tennysonian and other studies by Churton Collins, of Johnsonian studies by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Comparing the "Cornhill" of Stephen's reign (1871-82) with that of his predecessors, I find that the purely literary element had become more emphasized, and we know from Stephen's biography that this increase in pure literature was accompanied by no corresponding accession of popular vogue. Did Leslie Stephen provide a Magazine of which the times were unworthy? I do not think so. We hear much about a supposed decadence in the popular taste. I do not believe in it. The market for good literature is larger to-day than it has ever been, but the supply is provided by many more competitors. "Beware of the English periodicals," wrote Mrs. Browning to a friend in 1864; "there's a rage for new periodicals, and because the 'Cornhill' answers, other speculations crowd the market, overcrowd it; there will be failures presently." A shrewd forecast. In old days the literary demand was concentrated upon a few periodicals; competition caused it to be scattered, and any one periodical which desired to attract the larger public had to consult many tastes.

In 1882 Stephen resigned, and a new era in the history of the "Cornhill" was inaugurated. He had recommended his friend, James Payn, as his successor, and Payn's editorship lasted for fourteen years. The price of the magazine was reduced from a shilling to sixpence, and the illustrations were gradually dropped. The "Cornhill" note remained in many a pleasant essay, Payn's own "Literary Recollections" among the number, and the articles on popular science—always a feature of the "Cornhill" from the earlier times of R. A. Proctor to the later of W. A. Shenstone—were regularly contributed by Grant Allen. Never did philosopher

insinuate his doctrine so persistently as did Allen when he used to describe the evolution of the color of flowers, or trace back the genius of Michael Angelo to the savage's scrawls upon a cocoanut, or assure us blandly that we can draw no true line between a baby's admiration for a bunch of red rags and the critic's admiration of a Sistine Madonna. But the predominant feature during Payn's editorship was an abundance of short stories. They were excellent, for Payn had a shrewd judgment in such things, and no popular magazine is complete without some of them. But there were many other caterers in this service, and some Cornhillers were not ill-pleased when the price was restored under his successor to the familiar shilling, and there was room again for a larger supply of the miscellaneous articles in the old style.

Payn's health broke down in 1896, and from the middle of that year for several months onward, I seem to detect a new hand at the helm. We become more military, more consciously patriotic. We have an Englishman's Calendar provided for us each month, to remind us of great deeds. We seem invited to a new way of life. But here, again, the true "Cornhill" note was well maintained, and at this period we make first acquaintance in the Magazine with the "Private Diarist" and "E. V. L." Of the editorial conduct of the Magazine in these and in later years it would be unseemly to speak at large. Nevertheless, it would be ungrateful for the "Cornhill" and its readers to forget the debt they owe to the short reign in the editorial chair of Mr. St. Loe Strachey. One of the pleasantest features of the early history of the "Cornhill" was, we have been told on authority, the monthly dinner which Smith gave to Thackeray and his contributors, and it is likely enough that in a different form the

same friendly relations among those chiefly concerned in the Magazine have from time to time been revived. But the Thackeray touch counsels silence. Was it not in connection with such a gathering that he wrote his scathing piece "On Screens in Dining-rooms"? If there have been friendly tables, oval or round, for consultation or conviviality, of such gatherings, as of other august councils in the realm, no records are taken. One remark alone I will permit myself. "That such letters as passed between George Smith and Leslie Stephen are often passing, we may hope—if we are optimists." So Professor Maitland, in his characteristic way. That optimism is here no vain creed is known to many Cornhillers of these latter days.

What the contents of the "Cornhill" are to-day every reader of these pages knows, and he would not care for some one else's opinion. I revert, in my rambling remarks on its Jubilee, to the past. As I open the little ledgers once more, turning, as any particular entry chances to attract me, to the volumes of the Magazine itself, I am struck by the vast quantity of "good copy" which lies buried in its pages—"copy" good now for the sake of its authorship, now for its intrinsic merit, now for its anecdotic interest, and often for all three. What a mine for the meticulous bibliographer are these volumes and these little ledgers! Here, to take an instance or two—in No. 7 of the "Cornhill" was the first version of a piece familiar to readers of Matthew Arnold's poems under the title "The Lord's Messengers." "Men of Genius" he called it in the "Cornhill," where also there is this additional stanza at the beginning of the poem:—

Silent, the Lord of the world  
Eyes from the heavenly height.  
Girt by his far-shining train,  
Us, who with banners unfurl'd

Fight life's many-chanc'd fight  
Madly below, in the plain.

I suppose it was the "Us" that caused the poet to withdraw the stanza. The rest of the poem was much revised, sometimes for the better. The *repentirs* of poets are not always so; but in Tennyson's "Tithonus" an improvement was certainly made. Everyone knows the first line—

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,

and some of us have listened to lectures in which the repetition has been dwelt upon as a peculiar beauty. And so no doubt it is; but it was adopted by the poet only as a way out of a weak beginning, for in the original "Cornhill" version (February, 1860) the first line is this:—

Ay me! ay me! the woods decay and fall.

In another of the poet's contributions to the "Cornhill" (No. 48), the "Attempts at Classic Metre in Quantity," the student of Tennyson will find many revisions and some added notes, with here and there an alternative rendering. The "barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters"—suggested, I suppose, by Matthew Arnold's then recent lectures on Homer—show no alteration in the final text, but the "Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse" is very different. But enough of this. I leave further researches in the "Cornhill," in this sort, to the compilers of Variorum Editions of modern classics.

A bibliographer, unless he have access to the little ledgers, will find it less easy to trace the articles unsigned and never collected which were contributed by men or women who were famous already, but for one reason or another withheld their identity, or whose names were not then given because they were as yet unknown. Sir Joshua Reynolds once said to Dr.

Johnson, what Boswell had "often thought, that he wondered to find so much good writing employed in the Reviews when the authors were to remain unknown and so could not have the motive of fame." "Nay, sir," replied Johnson, "those who write in them write well in order to be paid well." Mr. George Smith has told us himself that he did not stint his prices. A single number of the Magazine, he said, once cost him 1183*l.*, and I find that during four years he paid no less than 32,280*l.* to literary contributors, in addition to 4376*l.* to artists for illustrations. But those were the days of Thackeray and George Eliot, when twelve guineas a page were paid for the "Roundabout Papers" and a single month's instalment of "Romola" cost 583*l.*

"I have had two applications for the lecture ['Heine'] from magazines," wrote Matthew Arnold to his mother, "but I shall print it, if I can, in the 'Cornhill,' because it both pays best and has much the largest circle of readers." Johnson's answer to Reynolds only gave half the truth: Arnold's remark gives the other half. Good writers wrote well for the "Cornhill," whether they signed their articles or not, both "in order to be well paid" and to be well read.

The biographer no more than the bibliographer can afford to neglect searching the files of the "Cornhill." The invaluable Poole will help him, but that index to the periodicals does not include incidental references. Take Leigh Hunt, for instance. Lord Houghton said that the best thing in Thackeray's first number was an essay on Hunt, entitled "A Man of Letters of the Last Century." It was written by Hunt's son, and is a very good account. But a personal reminiscence by George Smith, thrown in casually many years later, is better.

Smith had given Hunt a cheque. "And what am I to do," asked Skimpole-Hunt, "with this little bit of paper?" Smith exchanged it for bank notes. When Hunt reached home they were accidentally burnt. Next day he returned to Smith in great agitation, which however had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche, which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. Smith volunteered to go with Hunt to the Bank, and they were shown into a room where three elderly gentlemen were transacting business.

They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and addressing him said in wondering tones, "And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day and never see the green woods and the trees and the flowers and the charming country?" Then in tone of remonstrance he demanded, "Are you contented with such a life?" All the time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure.

A surprising figure, indeed, and a delicious picture! It is worth many pages of less vivid, though more formal, portraiture. Many such biographical glimpses will reward a diligent searcher in the "Cornhill" files—of Cardinal Wiseman, for instance, and Cardinal Newman, of Jowett, of Landseer, of Leighton, and above all of Thackeray. It is pleasant to light upon an appreciation of him, in which Charles Dickens recalls times "when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner because he couldn't help it and must talk such a passage over."

Another feature which strikes me as

I turn over the files is the large number of what may be called footnotes to history. The earlier numbers of the "Cornhill" were rich for instance—let Mr. George Trevelyan note—in fragments of the Garibaldian epic recorded by actors in the scenes or by friends who had the accounts at first hand. It was fitting that Mr. Trevelyan, who is making that epic live again in this more material age, should have been the medium in the "Cornhill" only a few months ago of printing some further instalments in this sort. The history of the *Risorgimento* involves the ambiguous character of the Emperor of the French. Some aid towards the solution of that problem may be found in the "Cornhill" picture of "Louis Napoleon painted by a Contemporary." "He likes to be absolute himself, but he wishes all who are not his subjects to be free." So wrote Senior in his journal; a shrewd reflection. The politicians of to-day say that this is a trait of human character which explains the attitude of a good many people towards the rival claims of Protection and Free Trade. Is there anything new beneath the sun? The world of to-day is all agog about flying. So it was thirty-six years ago: turn up the "Cornhill," No. 159, and you will see. It was unkind of Grenville Murray, though, to recall an old saying that the taste of the French for aerostatics—from the days of Frôissart's apprentice of Valenciennes and Cyrano de Bergerac's voyage to the moon onwards—was "due to their natural and national levity"; but he made a good shot at the end of his article. "Men of the present day say that the dirigible airship is impossible; our grandchildren or our great-grandchildren may prove the contrary." He was only out by a generation or two. R. A. Proctor was not so happy in his patriotic confidence (December, 1876) that "Arctic voyages by seamen of other nations than our own will not

succeed." Again, turn to the "Cornhill," No. 13, and you will find an article of protest written round a description in the *Times*—not the *Telegraph*—of rain as a "pluvial visitation." I turn a few more pages, and come upon one of Richard Doyle's "Bird's-Eye Views of Society." It is entitled "Small and Early," and the letterpress preaches a little sermon against "asking more than your rooms will hold." The mid-Victorian crinolines have gone, but only to make room for a yet more populous crush. The more the world changes, the more it remains the same. Illustrations of the saying are one of the things that always reward a search among old records or old files.

And then, again, there is what I have called the anecdotic interest, to which the bookman may add the bibliographic interest. The early files of the "Cornhill" are rich in such associations. The first number was issued in December, 1859. On the 28th of the month Macaulay died in his library; the "Cornhill" was on the table beside him, open at the first page of Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower." The collector of the Magazine "in the original parts" has that interest, dear to collectors of first editions, of handling the number or the volume in the self-same form in which it issued from the press. With heightened interest one may turn to the beautiful Roundabout in No. 2—"the outpouring of a tender, generous nature," said Macaulay's brother—in which Thackeray applied to Macaulay, Scott's dying words to Lockhart: "My dear, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." I like, too, to handle the very page, as it first appeared, on which Thackeray introduced the opening chapter of Charlotte Brontë's unfinished novel—"those few and fine words of introduction" which Swinburne characterized as "among the



truest and noblest, the manliest and the kindest, that ever came from his pen."

For the amateur of English engraved illustrations the back numbers of the "Cornhill" are an equally rich mine. Here is to be found much of the work of Leighton and Millais, of Frederick Walker and George Pinwell and Frederick Sandys, of du Maurier and Helen Allingham, of G. D. Leslie and F. Dicksee, translated for the most part by the sound school of wood-cutting of the brothers Dalziel. Leighton's illustrations to "Romola" showed, said Ruskin, his "advancing power," and Leighton's biographer truly accounts it a fortunate coincidence that George Eliot should have written a Florentine story at a time when the painter was available to illustrate it. I gather, however, from George Eliot's letters that she must have been a little exacting. Leighton's pictures, though "deliciously beautiful," were sometimes "not just the thing" she wanted. Two gifted workers, each steeped in Florence, were moving on parallel lines which would not meet. Trollope, whose novels were illustrated for the "Cornhill" by Millais, was less particular; for the artist was more complaisant; for Trollope in his Autobiography is warmly enthusiastic over the skill with which Millais interpreted his characters and situations. But none of the "Cornhill" illustrations are, I think, more pleasing than those of Frederick Walker. "Who of our readers," asked Mr. Colvin in a memoir of the artist in the Magazine, "has not known and taken delight in that sympathetic touch? Have we read about Philip in church beside the children? We may follow and see him there, the great rough head bent beside those smooth cheeks and ringlets. Have we delighted in the manly spirit of the young Huguenot of Win-

chelsea? We turn the page and see how Denis Duval and Tom Parrott, for their good luck, went upstairs to look at Denis Duval's box with the pistol in it!" These and many a score of other dainty images meet the eye as one turns over the old volumes. The reproduction, made necessarily from electrotypes, is sometimes a little rough; to see the illustrations at their artistic best one should go to the impressions from the wood-blocks themselves in the "Cornhill Gallery," which was issued separately, reviving pleasant memories of Lucy Robarts and Lord Lufton, of Baker and Lovel, of Philip on his way through the world, of Cousin Phillis, of Lily Dale and Adolphus Crosbie, of Romola and Tito. The "illustrations of the 'sixties" are now coming into favor with collectors, who do not find any abiding satisfaction in the mechanical output of the photograph and the process-block. The "Cornhill Magazine" played a great part in sustaining during the 'sixties and the 'seventies a now expiring art.

A word or two on the "Cornhill" cover, and I have done. Why "Cornhill"? Mr. George Smith named the Magazine from the then seat of his publishing house. "It has a sound of jollity and abundance about it," wrote Thackeray. The same kind of note was struck in the color and design of the cover. The design takes us back to mid-Victorian days and the artistic schemes which the Queen and the Prince Consort centred "in her halls of glass" (as the original version of Tennyson's dedication has it). The cover was designed at Sir Henry Cole's suggestion by Godfrey Sykes, a student at the newly founded schools at South Kensington, and the original design is still to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in the Department of Engraving. George Smith used to say that he was chaffed

about the sower scattering with his left hand. Well, the artist might reply, "I am not an agricultural laborer," and a left-handed sower is at any rate less of a solecism than a mower swinging his scythe from left to right—a spectacle which may be witnessed on the walls of a certain public gallery in this city. But I protest that the artist had a deep meaning in his apparent deviation from realism; he intended to signify that the editor of the "Cornhill" would distribute good seed and overflowing measure even with his left hand. I like, too, the absence of any advertisement of contents from the cover. Good wine needs no bush. A "Contents slip" is indeed now lightly attached, but that, I take it, is only a concession to chance customers. The regular Cornhiller was advised by the cover from the first that he would always find good cheer within. Whether an article by "L. S.," let us say, or "R. L. S.," whether a story by Thackeray or Trollope or George Elliot, he would duly

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

find on turning the pages; there was no need to anticipate his pleasurable excitement. So I read the cover.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the Thames on fire

Treat not the buyer:

But proffer good material—

A genuine Cereal,

Value for twelve pence, and not dear at twenty,

Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty.

So wrote "Father Prout" in introducing No. 1 of the "Cornhill Magazine." The promise of cover and of inaugural ode has been kept through all the changes and chances of fifty years. I close the old volumes, and turn to No. 500. The names are different, and the subjects; the quality of the contents and the nature of the treatment are the same. There is still the Thackeray touch; still the "Cornhill" note. That the tradition may be handed on from pen to pen for another fifty years is the pious wish of every good Cornhiller.

## A SUNDAY DINNER-TABLE.

For the last ten years it has been my lot to eat my Sunday mid-day meal amid an extraordinary variety of surroundings. These have ranged from the table of a Cabinet Minister or of a Peer of the Realm, to that of an agricultural laborer earning eighteen shillings a week. For this sum he put in, weekly, ninety hours' work. The laborer's wife "did" for me, and on those Sundays when I lunched at home, perhaps on an average one in four, to save the trouble of extra cooking on the great day of their Sunday dinner, I walked over the road to their cottage and shared it with them. With regard to the material part of the feast, let it be here set down at once that it was

generally excellent, and consisted invariably of either a leg of mutton or an aitch-bone of beef.

I regret that I have not kept some record of these functions, jotting down the table-talk I have listened to and taken part in from time to time. This would have formed a history of the family and the parish, with occasional glimpses of the happenings of the great outside world. The family was a somewhat complicated one; a widower with four children having married a widow with two, the pair having become jointly responsible for three more. It was the old story of "my children," and "your children," and "our children." The elements of much entan-

glement are plainly visible in this situation.

One perennial source of trouble was the persistent iteration by malignant neighbors that the Hebbles were not legally married, and that Mrs. Hebble's first husband was likely at any moment to re-appear. For instance, on the publication of the banns of Mrs. Hebble's daughter, the story was set on foot that the Hebbles themselves had at last been asked in Church. It was assumed that news had arrived of the first husband's death, and this was dilated upon with all the irrationality and irresponsibility of village gossip. This legend was proof against any amount of evidence, and the flourishing of Mrs. Hebble's marriage lines in the face of all and sundry. The true history was this. The first husband had been a drunken brute who had ill-treated his wife, and at last ran away with another woman—"an actress," according to Mrs. Hebble's account—leaving her to face the world with two small children. She went to keep house for Hebble, and to look after his babies. There were four at the time, three boys and a little girl who died. On her husband's death, which occurred shortly afterwards, she married him.

The early times of their married life, which for them were times of grinding poverty and cruel hardship, often formed the subject of the Sunday dinner-talk. The hardest time in the lives of working-people is the time when the children are little, and unable to earn anything for themselves. Hence the keen anxiety that the parents feel for them to leave school at the earliest possible moment. In this case there were six small mouths to feed, and others quickly coming, and it had to be done on twelve shillings a week. "If you'll believe me," Mrs. Hebble often said, seated at her comparatively luxurious board, "many's the Sunday when we've had nothing but swede-

turnips for our Sunday dinner." After the birth of the first new baby she had "fancied a chop," which Hebble had managed to get for her. As soon as it was put on the table the eldest boy refused his share of the cold and uninviting food prepared for the rest of the family, and cried for it—"wants that, wants what Mother got"—and this had quite "put her off" eating it, and she had given it to him.

When I began dining with the Hebbles, ten years ago, things were much better than this. The wages were better—eighteen shillings a week instead of twelve—and the first two families were out in the world, earning their own living, with the exception of Mrs. Hebble's boy, Dick. His being at home was a very sore point with Hebble. He was a good boy, already at work, but he was considered not to earn his keep, and was constantly made by his stepfather to feel that his presence was unwelcome. His diminutive size was the subject of constant mockery. If he wanted more dinner he was at once reminded of how much it cost to keep him. If he declined a second helping, he was asked "Ain't it good enough for ye?" He usually sat silent, but if he ever ventured a remark it would be met with some such jeer as this: "Dick's sure to set the cart before the 'orse, if he opens his mouth." I never ceased to admire the tact with which Mrs. Hebble ignored this painful situation, and tidied over the difficulty with an unceasing flow of cheerful conversation—almost always successfully. Once or twice, however—to be strictly accurate, I think only once—the dinner-party was broken up, and ended in a scene of general confusion and weeping. "I'll go and hang myself," said Hebble. "Go, go!" rejoined Mrs. Hebble, calmly and firmly.

I have rarely felt so sorry for any one as I did for this lad, and it was a great relief to me when he left home

and went to work on the railway. He has done well, and bears no shade of malice for the long persecution he endured at the hands of his step-father. He saves money, and in any emergency is always ready to help the Hebbles with his savings. The possession of a bank-book has transformed him into a hero in Hebble's eyes. He still comes to the Sunday dinners, and now takes a cheery and sensible part in the general conversation.

Hebble's treatment of Dick was a curious contrast to his method of dealing with his own two boys. The youngest of these, Bill, would sometimes endeavor to intimidate the public, after the manner of a Socialist leader, by announcing that he was going to fast until he had his way. He would lie on the floor and kick. "Try a little bit o' fat, Billy," Hebble would say, "nice little bit o' brown, or perhaps a little bit of jam bread." "Shan't, won't," Billy would reply. "The lad's meek," Hebble would go on, "and didn't ought to be spoke to that rough." But these childish scenes have long been a thing of the past.

Mrs. Hebble was, however, the life and soul of the dinner-table. She was an excellent *raconteuse*, and, like many women of her class, had really seen a great deal of the world. I remember once being told by one who had travelled when in service in her youth, that the finest place of worship she had ever been in was St. Peter's at Rome. Mrs. Hebble had never been further than Paris, but she had been brought up under the shadow of a great house, where she had come across many members of the aristocracy and sometimes even royalties. She would now and again introduce a remark in some such way as this: "As the Queen of Portugal said to me the last time I saw her." Stories of the splendor of her relatives and their ill-treatment of her personally formed the staple of her

talk. Her mother, it seemed, had always been hostile to her, and the old lady's resolve to leave her out of her will was only tempered by her dread of a disturbance at her funeral. "I do hope, Madge," she would say, "you won't come and make any upset at my funeral. With all the ways you have for your money, I'm sure I can't expect you to be able to afford the fare." "I shall come if I have to walk there," was Mrs. Hebble's reply. The old lady possesses a "treasure" like a Church. The disposal of this among the various claimants was a frequent topic. "Aunt Nance is to have the silver tea-set," Mrs. Hebble would say, "and Aunt Bess is to have the silver coffee-service, and, of course, we all know the oil-paintings always did belong to Uncle William." "I reckon all this 'ere's true," Bill, the youngest boy, would gloomily put in, reclining on the sofa. "You 'old your tongue," Hebble would say sternly from his arm-chair. "But what I want to know," Mrs. Hebble would proceed, "is, where is the fish-slice, and the grape-scissors, and the asparagus-tongs." Included among these riches was a Louis-Seize clock—I use the term "Louis-Seize" at random, to indicate the sense of florid gilding and blue enamel that was conveyed to my mind. Mrs. Hebble occasionally visited the old lady in the summer, and helped to cook for the visitors who lodged with her. She used to return from these outings in a frame of mind divided between anger and admiration. "It *is* so nice to get back to a plain leg of mutton," she would say. "one does get so tired of mayonnaise and fricassee."

Again she would tell of splendid but haughty sisters. One is married to a coachman, in London, with a mint of money in the bank, who keeps on with his calling only because it gives him something to do. The amount of his wealth was stated variously, but seven

hundred pounds was the sum usually named. "Dear me, he won't so much as walk down Praed Street without he puts a top-hat on." One Christmas the Hebbles went to visit the coachman and his wife, and were received but coldly. They were giving a party in the evening, and exhibited a festive board already spread with the dainties of the feast. "There was chicken and ham, sandwiches, sausage-rolls, almonds and muscatel, whisky, port—but they didn't seem to know that Hebble and me had a mouth." A hurried meal of cold beef had been partaken of in the kitchen. The one idea of the coachman and his wife appears to have been to get the Hebbles out of the way before the arrival of the invited guests.

There is, in Mrs. Hebble's recitals, the delightfully amusing and non-moral quality of Punch and Judy. It was, indeed, into an atmosphere of Italian comedy that one was transported on those dull February Sundays when the "quality" were away. Sometimes she would tell of the desperate deeds of her school-days—her getting on the roof of the school-house and dancing whilst the school-mistress was trying to take a mid-day nap, or her plunging a needle into the poor lady's knee, which set up erysipelas, and caused her to be laid up for seven weeks. Or there would be tales of her days of service—of how she served as kitchen-maid under a cook who gave way to drink, and of her informing her mistress of her proceedings. "I assure you, my lady, that it's no uncommon occurrence for her to make away with two bottles of brandy whilst cooking and dishing-up a dinner." "Dear me! dear me!" Lady Maud had remarked. The cook had been dismissed and Mrs. Hebble installed in her place. Sometimes she would draw on the experiences of her daughter, in service with a pious lady. "She'll come into the kitchen and say, 'The Lord be with you. We'll have

some veal cutlets for lunch to-day, cook. I can see that cook's in a bad temper this morning. Let's ask God to forgive her her 'asty temper. And a little macaroni cheese. Lift up your hearts.' So she'll flounce out again." Sometimes more immediate neighbors would be spoken of. "I saw Colonel Mitford's housekeeper last night," she would say, "I hollered her down the lane." Perhaps a flag would be flying from the window of Mrs. Hebble's cottage to celebrate the departure of an unpopular neighbor.

A more impersonal note was sometimes sounded. She would relate some fact culled from a newspaper, the discovery of a mummy queen in Egypt, or the price of a pig or a sheep in the thirteenth century. "I see they've discovered the remains of Queen Harold the Second," she would say. "That great Crusader," one of the boys would put in, fresh from school. "She lived two thousand years before Christ," she would go on; "dear me, she must have talked with Moses. As soon as I saw it I said, 'I must tell this to Mr.—' he is so interested in anything of this kind." Hebble used to listen with a gloomy and querulous satisfaction at the range of his wife's interests and attainments. She is, indeed, not without some acquaintance with a variety of subjects. One day a curate of the extremely "advanced" school came to lunch with me, and Mrs. Hebble, as she changed the dishes heard him talking of Purgatory and Indulgences, the Pope and the Inquisition, in a manner calculated to make old-fashioned Protestants turn in their graves. She remarked afterwards, "I could hear from his conversation that that gentleman's very 'igh Church."

The following fragment of talk illustrates the grimness of the outlook of the laboring poor, the little room which the imperious necessity of getting food leaves for sentimental and humanita-

rian considerations: The talk was of some deformed baby who had recently been born to two very poor parents. "What a pity some one didn't hold their hand over that child's mouth," Mrs. Hebble remarked calmly, "it wouldn't have taken a minute." I exclaimed at this. "What I look at," put in Hebble, "is this, who's to keep that there child when it grows up?"

He, poor man, when I left them was aging rapidly, and his health had not been improved recently by a kick from a beast, which broke his arm. But it is a secret grief, I think, which most preyed upon his mind. "Played upon his mind," by the way is the turn which the poor always give to this expression. He never spoke of it, but I knew how much it troubled him. It was the complete disappearance of his eldest son, his favorite boy, Jack, of whom nothing had been heard for more than two years. He never succeeded in anything, rolled about from one job to another, and finally vanished into space. The step-mother from whom I first heard of this naturally took it more calmly. "The last time anything was heard of him," she told me, "was two years ago at Epsom. He was with a black man—some foreigner he's got linked in with, I suppose," she added reflectively. She went on to say that they were both "mortal." This is an adjective frequently used by the poor. I leave it to the reader to unravel its meaning.

In spite of these shades of trouble, things on the whole, when I left them, were going well with the Hebbles.

*The Oxford and Cambridge Review.*

What one admires about them is the gallantry and courage with which they face their hard fight with the world, determined to hold their own and to survive, and the remarkable way in which on the whole they succeed in doing it. On Sunday the olive branches are gathered round their parents' table, now one, now another, a policeman, a gamekeeper, a railway porter, a girl from service, the two young farm lads, all, or all but the youngest, bringing their sweethearts with them. The little girl, the only child still at school, on one of these festive occasions, remarked sagely, "I do think it looks so low not to have a young lady or a young man." The time-honored, world-old jokes of sweethearting circle round and round. The boys and girls are full of youth's hopefulness and good spirits, glad of life, tenaciously clinging to it, and determined to go on living. The old people are broken and worn with the battle, but still undefeated. The genius of the scene is Mrs. Hebble. She often says there is no one in the world she is ashamed or afraid to look in the face. It is she who has kept the home together amid all sorts of troubles, and amid the cruelly-depressing circumstances which are the lot of the English laboring poor. The wonder is that they do not utterly succumb. It is not without admiration that I think of her presiding over her Sunday tea-table, pressing cakes and custards upon all, and with her jests and stories cheering the pilgrims along their dusty way.

*Curé de Campagne.*



## AS IT HAPPENED.

## BOOK V.

## THE CHANCES OF THE SEA.

## CHAPTER V.

## HOSTES GENTIUM.

Evening and an Atlantic fog lay upon the Straits. The convoy, after standing out to sea for some hours, had taken advantage of a change of wind to run in for Tarifa Point. Had it slipped past its ambuscaders? If so, it might hope, if the wind held, to reach the shelter of Gibraltar that night. The wind did not hold; a clammy south-wester brought them in from outside and died away in the Strait, leaving them blind in the heart of the fog-bank which had travelled with them. Unlit, apprehensive, the multitudinous craft drifted with bated breaths, fearful of every sound.

Hark! a faint shock shook the curtains of fog. Sue started.

"Sunset gun on the Rock," said Furley.

"So near as that? Then we are Home!"

"Pray God ye be, my dear; but we've this here night to wear through yet. Was ever such a v'yage? My 'departure' was Green Bank Steps, and the day afore we sailed at that! For though we lay a'most alongside St. Mawes fort and could hear the sentry blow his nose, the fog was that thick I never see the last of the place, nor got cross-bearings o' St. Anthony's nor the Manacles, neyther. . . . Serry de Sintry' hull-down wuz my first land-fall, and here I be again within hearin' o' Europa Point gun but nawthin' wisible. 'Tis like playing o' blind-man's buff in a barn with gals, with Moors for mawthers! Well, well! 'tis a muddle with no sin in it, like a good few o' Providence's doin's. Pass

<sup>1</sup> "Sierra di Cintra," the jagged peaks above Lisbon.

the word for the hands to come aft, Sweetapple, and, if ye please, we'll have no loud talk aboard ontill we be out o' this." He perused the sea-smother overside until the shuffling of feet at the break of the poop told him that his audience was assembled, then, having cleared his throat, he leant over the rail addressing his ship's company in simple conversational terms.

"Friends, lookye here; some on ye don't know, but some on ye does, as how this here's the reskiest bit o' sea this v'yage.

"'Tis this way. Here lies we a-drifting, and, onless I be out o' my reckoning, the indraught'll take us pretty close inshore to the southward before this night's out. Which means we may be boarded by Moors any minute."

This dispiriting news was imparted in a husky, unemotional monotone, and was received by the Quaker crew in silence.

The Anointer mate bestowed his quid in a check-pouch well outside his star-board lower grinding-teeth before liberating his mind.

"I s'pose, Mr. Furley, what you be a-drivin' at is as how we'd best fall to prayers, for there ain't to be no fightin'?"

"Thee has about hit it, Sweetapple. Thee knows thy agreement w'l me whenas thee signed on."

"That's all very well, and I daresay as I truly meant it, but the flesh is weak at times, Mr. Furley; and all I arsts is, Is you and they"—pointing to the hands—"be I, be the young officer gen'leman, be the young female, to lay down our throats to the knife o' the fust dirty blackamoor as climbs over that there gunwale? Not likely! Them

handspikes lies too handy. Oh, and I've sin ye use your fistes something pretty in old days, Mr. Furley, and may again."

Furley's great tanned mask of a face was awork in the dusk, and seemed to the watching Sue to be aglow with some inner source of illumination.

"Zabulon Sweetapple! Zabulon Sweetapple! Get thee behind me! for thou savorest not of the things of God. In fac' what thee've just bin and uttered come d—d nigh to incitements to mutiny; yes, thou swab!" He paused, recollecting himself, and deliberately took the last of the dilapidated wig from his head, walked to the side, dropped it overboard, and returned to his post with bitten lip. But the fire still burned within him; more was coming.

"Them's our pren-ci-pyles, the pren-ci-pyles o' the S'slety o' Friends, and I mean 'em to perwall aboard this here brig. I'll have peace aboard her . . . peace, says I, with a p, and a e, and a e, and a n. Yes, if so be I has to fight the lot on ye for it, single-handed. Nor I don't mean that ezackly, neyther." He paused. "I can't take an oath, as thee knows, beln' forbid, but *thee* can and thinks it no sin, friend Sweetapple, so I'll just trouble thee to give me thy very best davy on the gawspels for to lift no blanked finger if Providence permits as we be boarded."

"Me to swear not to 'fend myself? I'll see ye jiggered fust!" growled the other. "Now, don't ye go for to lay a finger on me, or—" The mate's voice was growing shrill, he backed hastily for "no-man's-land" abaft the knight-heads, as the skipper swung his great frame lightly down from the poop to the main-deck and lunched towards him with swift strides.

Susan's eyes rounded. Chisholm looked grave. The Quaker hands stood stock still, each with his eyes to his front, as their captain bore down upon

his mate in order of battle. None spoke, none interfered.

'Tis dangerous when lesser natures come

Retwixt the pass, and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

"Don't hit me, Furley; remember yer perfession!" cried Sweetapple, who had doubled back aft as the skipper went forward, and now preferred his appeal from behind the long-boat upon the main-hatch.

"Hit thee?" growled the other with restrained contempt, as he strode past the mutineer without a side glance, and reaching the rack where the handspikes were secured, hove them overside two at a time.

"There," said he, as the last splashed alongside. "The Lord'll send us new toothpicks in His good time. And, harkye, my hearties, and Oh," he groaned, "I dew sim to wish as how Providence had been and sent a proper servant o' His—One of Us (and for ch'ice an Acknowledged Minister), for to give His message and put the thing ship-shape, Bristol fashion. Howsom-ever, here goes! A-hem! 'tis this way. I've bin and had an ex-pairience. . . . 'Twas like this; there stood by me last night, about seven bells, the angel of the Lord, Whose I am and Whom I serve, and He says, says He, 'Thomas Furley, there'll be a mossel o' resk along o' these here Moors, but,' says He, 'stick to thy testimony and Matthew five; no v'ience, mind! And behold I give thee thy ship's company, all them as sail with thee, every man jack on'm, man and 'ooman, craft and all, with her tackle, apparel, provisions, and furniture.' Think o' that! Wherefore, my hearties, be of good cheer, for I believe God, and there shall not fall an hair from the head of any one of ye."

The big man delivered his message with pauses and hesitations, and some

hemming, under the stress of so powerful an emotion that the sweat gathered upon his brows and his hands twitched as they hung loose beside him. By the time he had ended he shook from head to foot as one palsied.

A murmur of assent, with here and there a low Amen, arose from the hands as they turned and went wooden-facedly forward as though such a performance was all in their day's work.

Chisholm turned to Sue. "Mrs. Tighe, this beats me. What'll ye be making o't yersel'?"

"Mr. Chisholm, I am for Mr. Furley, and so must you be. Think, we are an unarmed company, and if anything should happen—" she quivered—"the courage of one man, or of two, could do nothing but bring trouble upon the rest, and injury upon yourself, or—worse," she added with restrained feeling. He heard her teeth chatter in the growing dusk, but could no longer see her face.

This woman was getting very dear to him. He had put the thought from him, fought it down, at first from prudential reasons; his position in his service did not warrant his marrying, his private means were exiguous; such a union, if it were permissible in law, would be ruinous to both. That such a marriage as Furley had witnessed would hold good in Scotland the young man believed, but its validity in England he more than doubted. Tighe's, or Boyle's public repudiation of his wife during the voyage gave the lad food for reflection. Obviously the man had married the girl clandestinely, and under an assumed name; the officiating priest might have been in orders, more probably was a layman masquerading in gown and bands. That she had loved her deceiver once he must assume; her journey in pursuit of him, her agitation at seeing him again, all attested as much; but the lad fancied that her love had suffered such a wound as it would hardly recover. Neg-

lect, ill-usage, faithlessness, brutality even, some women's hearts can endure, if the embers of affection are kept alive by occasional repentance; but who can forgive a public repudiation? That the action, or inaction, of Tighe, or Boyle, amounted to this was evident. A word from him to the captain of the *Paladin* would have reunited them. He had held his peace. Day after day since that distressing recognition, Susan had watched the topsails of her husband's ship; surely he would relent, would come for her—or to her. He had still shunned her; she felt herself abandoned indeed, deserted in very truth, and her love lay a-dying.

Chisholm, with the keen vision of a lover, saw all this—saw too that, torn as it was by her wrongs, there was as yet no room for himself in this woman's heart; sore and strained and bruised it was, but still faintly beating time to the music it had learnt from its unworthy lord. Her plastic imagination had been deeply impressed. The first love of a girl is a tremendous passion. Woe to her who trusts unwisely, and deeper woe to him who proves himself unworthy of the trust; surely it were better for him that a great millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

For the present, and for long to come, poor Sue's standards of manhood were fixed by memories of her splendid, truculent, ruffian husband. His voice rung in her ears in dreams, his step, his hand, his manner, the height and weight and virile presence of him still held her; no other man appealed to her as yet as a possible substitute or successor. The very idea would have aroused all her noblest instincts in opposition.

Chisholm, an inexperienced lad in matters of the heart, shy and diffident where Boyle would have been prompt and secure of his position, divined so

much and bided his time. What he could do was done: unobtrusive hourly offerings of such assistance as a man may tender to the woman who is his fellow-prisoner upon shipboard. He had already learnt to watch for her occasions, and knew, having grown unselfishly wise in love's lore, how to efface himself, and when to concede to her inward trouble the solitude it craved. His reticence won him as much as his speech. From these abstinences, after a long day of rolling calm, on which the poor girl's misery had grown and grown, until only an hour's weeping in the cabin could render her life endurable to her for another night—after such a spell of silence and the possibilities of the night. A seek one another's society with fresh zest. The calm had broken, and last night's tears dried, the sun of a southern morning would be warm upon the deck-planks; the ship, under reefed top-sails beating through blue water that broke inboard at whiles, and a company of clamorous gulls would be wheeling and crying about her. Then 'twas sweet to be alive after all, and good, as Sue found, to have a strong and attentive cavalier to arrange her seat and wraps for her on so lively a craft.

Were those days over forever? Was all to end here? Chisholm realized the precariousness of the ship's position and the possibilities of the night. A shift of wind, the holding of this calm, the indraught, the lifting of this fog-curtain, a dozen mischances against which seamanship was powerless, might place this whole ship's company, and himself, and—worst of all, this lady, in the slave-pen. He might see within the week his fellow-travellers manacled, handled, appraised by dirty Moors, bid for and sold apart; this might be his own fate. But what of Mistress Tighe's? Oh, Lord! Lord! He cried dumbly for help to the Unseen, and went apart from the lady to

grind his teeth in helpless perplexity, knowing full well that she had spoken but the bare truth, and that, come what may, there must be no fighting.

Darkness fell swiftly upon the fog-bound fleet. Upon the *Mary of Yarmouth* all hands kept the deck, conversing with lowered voices or listening for the dip of oars. All was dark on board; from small distant sounds, men were sensible of the neighborhood of other craft.

Midnight passed, no bell was struck, the hour-glass had been let run down, the dark hours were thinning out, and still the fog held. Never was sea more still; the brig rolled slightly at times, but for an hour on end not a sheaf creaked. Thrice had the lead been hove in silence and with extreme precaution, but bottom had not been found at a hundred and fifty fathoms. There was no bringing a ship up in such soundings.

Sue, wrapped warmly in her cloak, dozed beside the binnacle, but awaked with a sense of something novel and impending. The night-long, unnatural dumbness of the sea had yielded to a soft, recurrent lapsing whisper, the sounds of small waves that mounted and slid away from something firmer than one another's sleek shoulders.

A grayness gathered above the trucks, or where the trucks should have been, and from this grayness came down the short yapping barks of a bird circling overhead.

Furley stiffened at the sound like a pointer upon a scent; he knew that this was an unfamiliar cry, but the sound conveyed no definite meaning to him. Seamen, unless their fear of the supernatural is aroused, are curiously incurious as to strange sights and sounds at sea; whatever inquisitiveness he may possess or display is snubbed out of a lad during his apprenticeship by duller elders.

But to one man on board these bird-

notes spoke clearly of cliffs and splintered pinnacles. "*Sheabhog*—not a doot on't. Wull ye palmest me a meenut. Mistress Tighe?" asked Chisholm, and had gripped the ratlins before the lady knew that he had left her. Up and up went he with the deliberate, elastic energy of the mountaineer turned seaman; 'twas not his first essay: he made light of the futtock-shrouds, and held upon his way through layers of white gauze which thinned and brightened above him as he climbed, until, with his feet upon the cross-trees, he found his head above the fog, blinking, gaping upon a sight that caught his breath. A floor of cloud, white and opaque as wool, extended as far as his eye could reach, pierced here and there in the distance by the loftier spars of the convoy, becalmed and heading to every point of the compass. But close at hand, and menacingly near, was the rocky summit of a headland or islet, he knew not which, backed up by stony heights ending in a mountain, Apes' Hill, in short, that southern pillar of Hercules, which looms up over against its fellow, the warrior Rock, across the Strait. "Phew! but we're close in!" whispered the lad, wincing at a sudden onslaught of the falcon, whose timely warning had aroused his vigilance. The bird, a swooping vision of white bosom and blue back, swept open-beaked past his ear with blazing eyes; the rocky ledges, her eyrie whence she had sprung in jealous alarm at the intrusion of the ship's topmasts, rang to her clamor. "I thank ye, kindly, ma bonnie bird; 'tis you, and not our fine lookout, that have saved a strand—if it be saved."

"Maister Furley! on deck there!" he hailed. "We're taking the ground!" His hail seemed to rebound from the floor of mist; the cliff gave back his voice, but no answer came from below. He wondered.

One, and as a seaman would have

known, an important feature of the scene, Chisholm overlooked; he only recalled afterward the strong, gray strands of cloud which bound the lower hills, and how these were lifted in an arch to the southwest as though for the passage of some Presence. He descended into the fog below him with long strides, his mind full of the land-fall; Farley would get the boat off the main-hatch, he would lower her and tow off; he, the lad, would volunteer for an oar—he had pulled many an oar on Shin. The running-gear dripped and pattered around him as he climbed; he heard voices below him, and Mr. Sweet-apple's raised for a moment and then hushed, but thought nothing of it, and stepped from the rail to the deck into the arms of a couple of Moors! The ship was taken!

The rascals' boat was fast on the starboard side (he had used the port shrouds). His captors felt him for arms. Oh, the poignant misery of that moment! They were extraordinarily young, mere boys; a dozen like them, under the command of an older man, an evil-visaged blackamoor, had mustered the ship's company in the waist and were searching them; others were below. The capture had been effected in such silence, and was being consummated with such haste, that any one could see that the thieves were in fear of interruption. This was no boat's crew from a felucca, but the sweepings of the nearest village under its Sheikh, tempted by the visible proximity of a ship which had drifted inshore during the night. They could not hope to make prize of her in due form, to plunder her at their leisure, or to carry her into port, for they were no seamen, and knew nothing of her navigation, nor, if the fog lifted—and it might lift with sunrise—could they hope for an hour's grace from the *Paladin's* launch and landing parties. No, they would beach her, please Allah, and get her

company to the back of the hills as fast as they could be driven.

The poor lad's first thought was for Mistress Tighe. The fog thinned for a moment, he saw her stand against the starboard bulwarks between the captain and the mate, whose face was working, his shoulders rising and falling. "*They'll knife us all!*" he bleated. Furley, himself wholly collected, anticipated some ill-judged outbreak. "Where is that faith o' thine, friend Sweetapple? 'Tis a Falmouth Harbor faith, a Wapping faith, I doubts," he growled, clenching his eyes under an expanse of netted forehead in a spasm of inward prayer. They unclosed as from sleep, steady and calm, and met Chisholm's desperate, mute appeal across the deck. "Lord, open Thou the eyes of this young man! The navies of the Lord lie thick about us, my lad!"

A young Moor looked hard upon Susan, grinned, and forced up her chin with a brown finger. Her faith flickered. "Oh, Mr. Furley, I'd rather ye killed me; yes, than let the savages get me! Indeed, I could die now!" She sank upon her knees, burying her white, tortured countenance in the sea-frock of her friend, who laid a gnarled brown hand upon her head in fatherly reassurance. "Kill thee? nay, there shall not an hair of thee fall! I have His word for it. Nay, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord!'"

The Anointer snorted impatiently, and clenched his fists in impotent fury. "Belay all that, ye swab," growled his skipper in his ear; "I tell ye the Lord'll be strikin' a blow for us d'reckly!"

As he spoke, the *reis* had him by the windpipe, flashing a long knife before his eyes. "*I shall not d—*" gurgled the captive, purpling, but governing his hands and rigid in his extremity.

"Inshallah," muttered the ruffian dubiously, relaxing the cruelty of his grip, and then, as an afterthought, slashing

the bald crown across with the back of the knife; no heavy cut, just a hint as from master to slave for the latter to hold his tongue. Blood ran down the skipper's temples and behind his ears: he raised his head to clear his eyes. "Into Thy hands, O Lord!" he breathed. The Anointer watched him from beneath eyelids which quivered; the Quaker crew stood as pale and still as statuary. Sue felt a drop of blood fall upon her hand and glanced up, shuddered strongly, but held in the shriek; some flicker of faith in Furley remained with her.

How long did this last? Chisholm and she could never agree upon this point. Moments of peril are very long moments: one sees so much, hears so much, and feels more still; one hopes, regrets, devises, despairs, fast and desperately, all within a minute.

The youth forgot his own fate in the frightful possibilities confronting the woman whom he had learned to love. Once their eyes met across the deck, and her pitiful attempt at a smile almost drove him beyond his promise. He dared not risk a second glance, and compelled himself to watch that row of rigid Quaker faces. The great, brave visage of the captain, streaked with blood though it were, was an inspiration to the youth, it seemed informed with an expectation which was equivalent to certitude. A gleam of sunlight seemed to rest upon it although the fog was as thick as ever. The *reis* was sorting his first gang of prisoners, marshalling them towards the boat alongside; slavery had already begun; Furley seemed to heave a load off his chest and smiled. What had happened? Nothing. What then was about to happen? A sheaf creaked, a wet brace tautened, a shower of heavy fog-dew fell, a top-sail shook the water from the torpid folds that had been gathering it all night; that was all. Then, sudden as the passage of a shoal of affrighted fish,



the dumb sea alongside hissed to a passing flaw, the walls of fog rocked, the network of rigging aloft sent down the weird whine of strained cordage, the sails filled with a clap, everything was moving underfoot and overhead, the air was thick with voices. The masts trembled, for the ship was caught, but had no way upon her and failed to respond. Timbers groaned, standing rigging and running gear, shroud and halliard, brace and sheet, sheaf and tackle gave tongue according to its appointed note. And above all and through all, with the buffet of something alive and sentient and solid, and a voice of terror, came the butt-end of the wind.

Over careened the brig; her starboard-rail rising, her port scuppers sinking away underfoot, whilst the white squall, which had struck her, screamed like a wounded horse and rolled the torn blanket of fog into bales, which swayed hither and thither as the ship fell away to leeward, her gear flying in bights, adrift, unsteered, in danger of capsize.

"Slack away top'sl halliards! Let all fly!" bawled Furley, leaping to command. In one stride he was at the starboard poop-ladder. The blubber-lipped *reis*, galled at the loss of his booty, cutting at, but missing him as he passed. Chisholm lost sight of him, the lad was filled with an intense anxiety to be of service, and to do the right thing; the seconds seemed endless, the small crowded main-deck was full of staggering, clutching, over-balanced forms; the hands were busy at the cleats; the Moors who had hold of him, dropped his arms, and scrambled whimpering up the steeply canted deck to where their leader and his men were clambering over one another to regain their boat. They reached it, cast adrift, and were tossing astern and out of sight before their friends below could reach the deck.

But Chisholm had no thought for their panic; Sue, at the end of her fortitude, had come sliding down the deck into his hands, and he must get her to safety.

It was during these crammed and throbbing moments that the *Mary of Yarmouth*, emerging from the fog, drove close under the stern of H.M.S. *Snorter*, was recognized and hailed, but returned no hail, and next instant was lost again. Furley reached the tiller and set his hand to the tackles, but found the mate at his side. "My trick, Sweetapple—get forrard—get sail off her!"

"Bos'n forrard—hands knows their work," rapped the other, gripping the port tackle resolutely. "This be a two-man trick, Furley, wi' a follerin' sea hellum'll kick somethin' crool; if she broaches, 'tis all up!"

Both men were shouting, but their voices sounded weak and pithless in the turmoil. Furley knew that his mate spoke truly, and forbore his point. The men faced one another, straddling and straining with feet braced against such purchases as they could reach. Twice in the first three minutes they were pooped by waves as fierce as white wolves, so quickly and so dangerously was the sea getting up, but they had got the ship before the wind. They knew that the topmasts were bending, could hear the jar when the yards came down upon the slings, and the thunder of loosened canvas struggling against the weight of a whole watch upon the clews, and knew by the feel of it—for little was to be seen, the sea-roke driving with them as they drove—that sail was being reduced.

The gale itself lent a hand, blowing the main-topsail out of its bolt-ropes with the sounds of an irregular volley of musketry. Chisholm saw the rags flit over the crest of a wave like a covey of ptarmigan down the sides of Ben More.

"Please Providence her fore-top-s'll goo tew!" prayed Furley. "Ah, there't goo!" as the second great sail ripped, crackled, and exploded. The little craft, no longer overpressed, took her work more easily, rose to the seas instead of burying her nose in them. Her waist was now sometimes free from water. Her steersmen could breathe.

"Now she'll about dew," panted the skipper, "if so be as any blame craft ain't makin' a board acrost us. Keep her before it. Sweetapple; once she broaches-tew the sticks'll goo. No'east by east's the course. Now——" The set of his jaw relaxed for the first time

(To be continued.)

since the squall had struck them and a glow of triumph suffused his features. "Now, mate, did ye iver? I arsts ye fair? Merrycycles o' mercies! Dint I tell ye Providence 'ud strike a blow?"

"Humph," growled the Anointer grudgingly, his eye upon his skipper's bare, streaming noddle, whereon a big bruise, a little blood, and more spin-drift made a butcherly show, "I did ketch summut about hairs and heads."

"And mine's bald, soo the Lord's angel hev kep his word," countered the other, scoring. "An' not a hair o' *your* wig's adrift, anyways."

*Ashton Hilliers.*

## THE RIGHTS OF FINLAND AT STAKE.

### I.

"Might cannot dominate Right in Russia," said M. Stolypin, Russian Minister of the Interior and President of the Council of Ministers, in the speech which he delivered in the Duma on May 18, 1908, when pressed by the various parties to declare his policy with regard to Finland. This noble sentiment has the familiar ring of Russian officialdom. It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider it in the light of recent history and present-day issues.

Alexander I., the first Russian sovereign of Finland, addressed a Rescript to Count Steinheil on his appointment to the post of Governor-General. Therein he wrote, "My object in Finland has been to give the people a political existence so that they shall not regard themselves as subject to Russia, but as attached to her by their own obvious interests." It is not the place here to give an historical account of subsequent events. It may, however, be briefly stated that the political ideal expressed in the words quoted here was at times forgotten, but was again re-

vived, and, in such times, even resulted in the extension of Finland's constitutional rights. Then again, this ideal was abandoned, and gave way to a totally different one, which found its most acute expression in February 1899, when the Tsar, a year after the issue of his invitations to the first Peace Conference at The Hague, suppressed by Imperial Manifesto the constitutional right of Finland. The arbitrary and corrupt Russian bureaucratic régime little by little forced its way into the country, whilst Finlanders watched with bitter resentment the suppression one by one, of their most cherished national institutions.

This Manifesto was condemned in many European countries at the time, and a protest against it was signed by over a thousand prominent publicists and constitutional lawyers, who presented an international address to the Tsar begging him to restore the rights of the Grand Duchy. Amongst British signatures there were those of Lord Lister, Sir Clements Markham, Herbert Spencer, George Meredith, Thomas

Hardy, Lord Courtney, Professor Westlake and a great number of other professors of constitutional and international law at the English and Scottish Universities.

In 1905, however, it seemed at last that a new era was about to dawn. The change was brought about by the domestic crisis through which Russia herself was then passing. An Imperial Manifesto promulgated in October, containing the principles of a constitutional form of government in Russia, was followed as an inevitable sequel by the Manifesto of November 4, which practically restored to Finland its full political rights. In 1906, a new Law of the Diet was enacted; the Finnish Diet now consists of a single Chamber instead of four Houses (Estates) as formerly. Instead of triennial sessions of the Estates, annual sessions of the Diet were introduced, whilst an extension of the franchise to every citizen over twenty-four years of age without distinction of sex gave to women active electoral rights. Moreover, the door was opened to new and far-reaching reforms, the fulfilment of which has infused fresh life into the democratic spirit of Finnish national institutions. Whilst, however, so much has been done to improve the political, social, and economic condition of the country many of the promises which were then made have not been fulfilled. The principal reason for this failure to redeem their pledges lies in a change of attitude amongst Russian officials and their interference in Finnish affairs. It is by consideration of this change and of its effect upon Finland that we may best judge how much truth there is in M. Stolypin's claim that in Russia "might cannot dominate right."

Ominous signs of a reversal of policy had appeared before, but the first official expression to it was given in the speech of M. Stolypin already referred to. In this speech he claimed for Rus-

sia as the sovereign power the right of control over Finnish administration and legislation whenever the interests of the Empire were concerned. This claim meant practically the restoration of the old Bobrikoff régime and was based on the same ideas as those underlying the February Manifesto of 1899. M. Stolypin attempts to justify his attitude by arguing that the constitutional relations between Russia and Finland are determined only by Clause 4 of the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Sweden, dated September 17, 1809. This clause runs as follows:

"His Majesty the King of Sweden renounces irrevocably and for ever, on behalf of himself as well as on behalf of his successors to the Swedish Throne and Realm, and in favor of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia and his successors to the Russian Throne and Empire, all his rights and titles of the governments enumerated hereafter which have been conquered by the arms of His Imperial Majesty from the Swedish Army, to wit: the Provinces of Kymmenegard, &c. &c.

"These Provinces, with all their inhabitants, Towns, Ports, Forts, Villages, and Islands, with their appurtenances, privileges, and revenues, shall hereafter under full ownership and sovereignty belong to the Russian Empire and be incorporated with the same."

After quoting this clause M. Stolypin exclaimed. "This is the act, the title by which Russia possesses Finland, the one and only act which determines the mutual relations between Russia and Finland."

Now this clause contains no reference whatever to the autonomy of the Grand Duchy, and if it were the only act by which the mutual relations of Russia and Finland were determined, then Finland would have no Constitution. The political autonomy of Finland, which has been recognized for exactly one hundred years, would have

been without legal foundation. Even M. Stolypin admits that Finland enjoys autonomy. "There must be no room for the suspicion," he said, "that Russia would violate the rights of autonomy conferred on Finland by the monarch." On what, then, does the claim to Finnish autonomy rest and how was it conferred? Clause 6 of the Treaty of Peace contains the following passage:

"His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, having already given the most manifest proofs of the clemency and justice with which he has resolved to govern the inhabitants of the provinces which he has acquired, by generosity and by his own spontaneous act assuring to them the free exercise of their religion, rights, property, and privileges, His Swedish Majesty considers himself thereby released from performing the otherwise sacred duty of making reservations in the above respects in favor of his former subjects."

This entry in the Treaty of Peace refers to the settlement made at the Borgo Diet a few months earlier, and it is under this settlement, confirmed by deeds of a later date, that Finland claims her right to autonomy. M. Stolypin recognizes the claim of Finland to autonomy but refuses to recognize the binding force of the acts of the Borgo Diet on which alone it can legally be based. This claim gives Finland no voice in her external relations. All international treaties, including matters relating to the conduct of war (though laws on the liability of Finnish citizens to military service fall under the competency of the Finnish Diet), are matters common to Russia and Finland as one Empire, one international unit, and are dealt with by the proper Russian authorities. This is admitted by all Finlanders. But M. Stolypin seeks to extend Russian authority by making it paramount in all matters which have a bearing on Rus-

sian or Imperial interests. But the Constitution of Finland which she has in fact enjoyed, and to which she is legally entitled, makes no exception in favor of matters that may concern the interests of Russia. It is clear, therefore, that M. Stolypin, in trying to reconcile his interpretation of the constitutional issues with a serious curtailment of Finnish autonomy, takes refuge in an interpretation of the title-deeds in regard to this autonomy, which leads to an absurdity. If he recognizes, as he does, the Finnish claim to autonomy, he must also recognize the validity of the documents on which it rests and must accept the definition of autonomy therein laid down.

## II

The attempt to curtail Finnish constitutional liberty has taken different forms. Early in 1908 the Russian Council of Ministers, over which M. Stolypin presides, drew up a "Journal" or Protocol, to which the Tsar on June 2 gave his sanction. The chief provisions of this Protocol were briefly as follows: All legislative proposals and all administrative matters "of general importance," before being brought to the Sovereign for his sanction, or, as is the case with Bills to be presented to the Diet, for his preliminary approval, as well as all reports drawn up by Finnish authorities for the Tsar's inspection, must be communicated to the Russian Council of Ministers. The Council will then decide "which matters concerning the Grand Duchy of Finland also have a bearing on the interests of the Empire, and, consequently, call for a fuller examination on the part of the Ministries and Government Boards." If the Council decide that a matter has a bearing on the interests of the Empire the Council prepare a report on it, and, should the Council differ from the views taken up by the Finnish authorities, the Finnish Secretary of State,

who alone should be the constitutional channel for bringing Finnish matters before the Sovereign's notice, can do so only in the presence of the President of the Council of Ministers or another Russian Minister. But in practice it has frequently happened that the Council send in their report beforehand, and the Tsar's decision is practically taken when the Finnish Secretary is permitted an audience.

This important measure was brought about by the exclusive recommendation of Russian Ministers. Neither the Finnish Diet nor the Senate nor the Secretary of State for Finland, who resides in St. Petersburg, was consulted or had the slightest idea of what was going on before the Protocol was published in Russia. It has never been promulgated in Finland and no Finnish authority has been officially advised of it. The whole matter has been treated as a private affair between the Tsar and his Russian Ministers.

The excuse has been made that the Tsar must be permitted to seek counsel with whomsoever he chooses in regard to the government of Finland. But this is not a question of privately consulting one man or the other. The new measure amounts to an official recognition of the Russian Council of Ministers as an organ of government exercising a powerful control over Finnish legislation, administration and finance. This is in conflict with the fundamental principle of the Finnish Constitution, that the government of the country shall be carried on with the assistance of native authorities only, and more particularly is it in conflict with the authorities of the Finnish Senate. In a Manifesto of 1816 Alexander I. said: "We . . . not only confirmed in the most solemn fashion the Constitution and the laws, together with the liberties and the rights of every Finnish citizen arising therefrom, but also, after due consideration to-

gether with the assembled Estates of the country, We decreed a special government, composed of Finnish men, under the name of the Government Council, which has till now carried in Our name the civil administration of the country, acting also as the final Court of Appeal, independently of every power but that of the laws, including those powers which We, as Ruler, exercise in conformity with the same." The Manifesto then confers on the Government Council, "In order to point out more markedly its immediate relation to Our person," "the name of Our Senate for Finland, without change, however, in its present organization, and still less in the Constitution and Laws by Us ratified for Finland, which We in all points hereby further confirm."

It is abundantly clear that the Protocol of June 2 does not permit the Senate to carry on the administration of the country in the Sovereign's name "Independently of every power but that of the laws." The centre of gravity of Finnish administration has, in fact, been shifted from the Senate for Finland, composed of Finnish men, to the Russian Council of Ministers.

The Finnish Senate protested to the Tsar in three separate Memoranda, dated respectively June 19, 1908, December 22, 1908, and February 25, 1909. The Finnish Diet adopted on October 13, 1908, a petition to the Tsar to reconsider the matter. On the occasion of the opening of the Diet's next session the Speaker, in his reply to the Tsar's Message, briefly referred to the anxiety prevailing in Finland, with the result that the Diet was immediately punished by an order of dissolution from the Tsar. The Senate's Memoranda, as well as the Diet's Petition were rejected, the Tsar acting on the exclusive recommendation of the Russian even brought before him through the Council of Ministers. They were not

constitutional channels, the Finnish Secretary of State having been refused a hearing. As a result all members of the Department of Justice, or half the number of the Senators, resigned.

In the same year another but less successful attack was made on the Finnish Constitution. In the autumn of 1908 the Finnish Diet adopted a new Landlord and Tenant Bill, but before it was brought up for the Tsar's sanction the Diet was dissolved in the manner just described. The Bill being of a pressing nature the Council of Ministers was at last prevailed upon to report on it to the Tsar. The latter then gave his sanction to it, but, on the recommendation of the Council, added a rider in the preamble. This was to the effect that, though the Bill, having been adopted by a Diet which was dissolved before the expiration of the three years' period for which it was elected, should not have been presented for his consideration at all, the Tsar would nevertheless make an exception from the rule and sanction it, prompted by his regard for the welfare for the poorer part of the population.

The Senate decided to postpone promulgation of this law in view of the constitutional doctrine involved in the preamble. It was pointed out that this doctrine was entirely foreign to Finnish law. The preamble which, according to custom, should have contained nothing beyond the formal sanction to the law in question, embodied an interpretation of constitutional law. Such an interpretation could only legally be made in the same manner as the enactment of a constitutional law, i.e., through the concurrent decision of the Sovereign and the Diet. The Senate, therefore, petitioned the Tsar to modify the preamble in such a way as to remove from it what could be construed as an interpretation of constitutional law.

In reply, the Tsar reprimanded the

Senate for delaying promulgation, recommended it to do so immediately, but promised later on to take the representations made by the Senate into his consideration. Five of the Senators then voted against, whilst the Governor-General and five others voted for promulgation of the law. The minority then tendered their resignations. The inconveniences resulting from this new constitutional doctrine proved, however, of so serious a practical nature that the Tsar eventually, in July 1909, issued a declaration that "the gracious expressions in the preamble to the Landlord and Tenant Law concerning the invalidity of the decisions of a dissolved Diet do not constitute an interpretation of the constitutional law and shall not in the future be binding in law."

A third and most important encroachment by the Russian Council of Ministers on the autonomy of Finland was also carried out at the instigation of M. Stolypin. The Finnish Constitution makes no distinction between matters that may have, or may not have, a bearing on the interests of Russia. At the same time Russian interests have never been disregarded in Finnish legislation. It had been the practice, when a legislative proposal was brought forward in Finland, and a Russian interest might be affected by it, to communicate with the Russian Minister whom the matter most closely concerned, in order that he might make his observations. This practice was confirmed by law in 1891. In its Memoranda of 1908 and 1909, on the interference of the Russian Council of Ministers in Finnish affairs, the Senate suggested that, in case the procedure under the Ordinance of 1891 were not satisfactory, a committee of Russian and Finnish members should be appointed to discuss a *modus procedendi* of such a nature that the Constitution of Finland should not be violated. On



the recommendation of the Council of Ministers, the Tsar rejected these suggestions, but the Council of Ministers took the matter in hand and summoned a "Special Conference," consisting of several Russian Ministers, other high Russian functionaries, the Governor-General of Finland, who is also a Russian, with M. Stolypin as President. Their business was to draw up a programme for a joint committee to be appointed "for the drafting of proposals for regulations concerning the procedure of issuing laws of general Imperial interest concerning Finland." This Conference accordingly drew up a programme, approved by the Tsar on April 10, 1909, in which it was resolved that the joint committee should suggest a definition of the term "laws of general Imperial interest concerning Finland." These laws, it was proposed, should be totally withdrawn from the competency of the Finnish Diet and should be passed by the legislative bodies of Russia, that is, the Council of State and the Duma. The only safeguard for the interests of Finland suggested in the programme is that a representative for Finland should be admitted to these two bodies when Finnish questions were discussed there. The joint committee appointed according to the programme consists of M. Haritonoff, Controller of the Empire, as chairman, and five other Russian members, including such notorious opponents of Finnish autonomy as M. Deutrich, who was Assistant-Governor of Finland under Bobrikoff, and General Borodkin. Its first sitting was held on June 29, 1909.

It is impossible to say what laws concerning Finland will be defined as being of "general interest." Having regard, however, to the wide interpretation which Russian reactionaries are wont to put on the expression, there is every reason to suppose that the Russian members of the committee will

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insist on its extension so as to include every important category of law.

The Finnish members through their spokesman, Archbishop Johansson, declared that they proceeded to work on the committee on the assumption that in case alterations in the law of Finland should be found necessary, having regard to Imperial interests, such alterations should be made through modifications in the constitutional laws of Finland. The Finlanders are prepared to do their duty by the Empire but, the Archbishop said, "sacrifices have been demanded from us to which no people can consent. The Finnish people cannot forego their Constitution, which is a gift of the Most High, and which, next to the Gospel, is their most cherished possession."

M. Deutrich, who spoke on behalf of the Russian members, explained that any law resulting from the labors of the committee would not be submitted to the ratification of the Finnish Diet.

So M. Stolypin's way is now clear. A very serious curtailment of the constitutional right of the Finnish legislature is imminent. The sanction of the people will not be required. The Finlanders have practically no other help than that given by a consciousness of the justice of their cause. They have no appeal. Yet M. Stolypin's avowed object is that contemplated by the notorious Manifesto of February 1899, a document which displayed a complete disregard of constitutional right and which was stigmatized by the highest European authorities as no better than a *coup d'Etat*. Events will too soon clearly show how much truth there was in M. Stolypin's boast that "in Russia might cannot dominate right."<sup>1</sup>

J. N. Reuter.

<sup>1</sup> On November 17 the Finnish Diet rejected the Russian Government's demand for a military contribution of 31,000,000 marks. Next day the Diet was dissolved by a Ukase of the Tsar.

## PSYCHO-PHYSICAL FORCES.

Psychical and psychological inquiries are like a number of streams running parallel to each other but never merging in spite of connecting capillarities.

They may be divided into three connected classes, viz., Researches concerning: (1) The supposed posthumous consciousness (spiritism proper); (2) the phenomena of subconsciousness (hypnotism, trance, &c.); (3) the alleged physical or psycho-physical influence, magnetic or other power possessed by certain hitherto rare individuals and to which certain other individuals are sensible (animal magnetism, with which may be included thought transference and telepathy).

Science, or rather, official science, has hitherto decided to leave the first category alone, because the results obtained through the usual channels of entranced persons are so elusive and so thin, because they are so liable to be attributed to coincidence, previous knowledge, brain-fishing, and are generally based so palpably upon the *a priori* assumption of the immortality of the soul, and the ethereal existence of certain spiritual controllers of dead consciousness, that they are not within the province of scientific research. It is not by pursuing the line of inquiry adopted in this connection by the Society for Psychical Research, *i.e.*, séances with mediums, professional or otherwise, in which the first instrument of communication with the dead is a human being in a real or assumed entranced condition, and whose writings afford no information concerning the state of the supposed communicator, or of the intermediary, but are crowded with errors and ambiguities, that real knowledge can be gained. If the survival of the soul were ever proved, the chances are very great that the proof would not be due to this method of in-

quiry, but to one more objective in character. This method, which has now been pursued for over fifty years, has led to no appreciable results, but has, on the contrary, been the means of discrediting to no small extent the claims of spiritism. Some very much stronger evidential facts will have to be adduced, before the scientific mind may be convinced that the pretended phenomena of this form of spiritism are real phenomena, and not misconceptions to be accounted for by preconceived ideas of immortality more or less developed by half deluded, half deluding individuals. The sustainers of this spiritism, who start with the premiss of a spirit world, endeavor to show that in addition to the influences, hereditary and environmental, by which human conduct is determined, there is a third influence due to the control of the departed which may or may not be analogous to the first, but which we must rather suppose to be of a universal character. Evidently, however, before building a house it is well to be sure that the foundations are laid in solid ground, but this is a precaution which the spiritists commonly omit to take. If our conduct is to be in any way influenced by disincarnate mentalities, it would be well for us that they should at least be logical and serious. Those, however, which are exhibited in the pages of the Psychical Society's proceedings, or in the huge volume of experiments by Dr. Hyslop, have small claim to be so considered. Vague and shifty states of consciousness they cannot but appear. Their possessors are often childishly interested in mundane affairs, and are unable to give any account of their habitat, which, perhaps, is not surprising if they are universals, as they would seem to be, although it is difficult to admit that such should have

any concern with the details of terrestrial existence. It is scarcely reasonable to ask the scientist to investigate "phenomena" which are not accessible to the methods of investigation known to him, and which, indeed, would almost demand the knowledge of the infinite. There is a difference of far greater extent than the spiritists appear to realize between the study of mind in relation to itself and to the outer world, and the study of some hypothetical survival of the mind after the death of the brain. The former can and does advance on scientific lines, but the latter remains unprogressively in regions of conjecture, from which the trance writings as at present produced are not likely to remove it. It is not wholly conservatism or prejudice which has caused the scientific inquirers into the real phenomena of consciousness to refrain from spiritistic studies, but a conviction, born of the "evidence" produced, that they afford no solid ground on which to tread. If the spiritists are ever to convince such inquirers, they must experiment in the manner to which is due all the knowledge of natural phenomena we now possess, and they must employ the objective means which chemistry and physics place at their disposal. There is no reason why the "soul," if it survives the deceased body, should not preserve the general relations to matter that it had when in a living body. Just as invisible gases, and even electricity, are produced by a re-arrangement of matter, so it may be possible that if the soul or cerebro-neuronic function were separable from the body at death, it might lend itself to the methods of analysis already known. When and if the nature of its relations to matter were understood, why should not the dying "soul" be rendered capable of betraying physical effects?

But at the present juncture the field of investigation is elsewhere. It lies

in the remaining divisions. The second of these, which is mainly pathological, consists of observations of the working of the mind in hysteria, catalepsy, trance, or hypnotic sleep, and has attracted the attention chiefly of medical men. It now forms a large part of experimental psychology, which, of course, is also concerned with the normal relations between mind and body, both quantitatively and qualitatively. By both means much light has been thrown upon the functions of the brain in various states, and this knowledge, which among scientific psychologists is used as a basis for induction in the establishment of laws of sensation and of thought, is also pressed to some extent at times into the service of spiritism.

The third division, with which we are here concerned, is one which at the present time appears to promise results of the greatest human interest. This is the section which, after having been first opened by Mesmer and the old magnetizers, and, after having been long denounced as quackery, has of late attracted the attention of serious inquirers, who have seen in it a promising domain in which to apply experimental methods. It has gradually come to be recognized, not only as a result of experiments with professionals, but also from observations made by persons more worthy of credence, that there exists, either in the general human organism or more specially in its nervous system, a force capable of manifesting itself appreciably in the outer world. It is a force the origin, nature, strength, and distribution of which we do not as yet know. There is a probability that it is analogous to, and possibly an intensification of the vital force revealed by the ergograph, the instrument whose sensitive needle is deflected by the proximity of a human body. It may also not be different in its essence from the electrical potentiality of muscle, as, for instance,

that of the heart, which gives off currents that are shown in the galvanometer. It may also be not dissimilar from the electrical phenomena which human nerves exhibit, and particularly the electric organs of electric fishes. The difficulty up to now has been to obtain sufficiently credible experimenters. Certainly there have been many witnesses of the effects of this bio-magnetic force, as it may be called, but unbiassed experimenters of status and authority have been few in number, mainly for the reason that the powers said to be essential are not often possessed by or revealed in those who combine scientific training with an acknowledged position, and, above all, who have the courage to brave the prejudice which attaches to the study of what is still considered to be occult science.

A work,<sup>1</sup> however, has recently appeared in France, the author of which may be said to unite all the qualifications needful for an experimenter in this field. Rector of the College of Dijon, M. Emile Boirac has not shrunk from publishing the results of his experience of this force, with which he finds himself to be naturally endowed. Commencing with the proposition that, contrary to the doctrine of the old logicians, a given cause may not always be followed by an effect: that is to say, a cause may exist and its effect, although sometimes produced, may not be always produced; "that there exist in nature unknown causes universally present and perpetually in operation, but in such conditions that they escape almost entirely our method of investigation and control"; he declares that there may exist in every human body forces which only wait to reveal themselves until the veritable means of causing them to become manifest has been discovered. Just as electricity was only

imperfectly produced until it was ascertained how it could be artificially made and stored, so, M. Boirac contends, there may be in the human organism a force which, imperfectly and spasmodically exhibited as yet, may become universally possessed when the secret of evoking it at will is found. This force, as at present known, is differently experienced by different individuals. There are, for instance, the permeables, those who conduct the psychic action—the neutrals—and the impermeables, those who receive and accumulate it—the subjects. It will be seen at once that, according to this, human beings exhibit the phenomena of conductibility and non-conductibility. The subjects correspond to the bad conductors in electricity, the remainder to the conductors. This, of course, is only offered as an hypothesis, and it is for science to endeavor to render these phenomena not only occasional, as they are now, but observable in all conditions.

Certainly M. Boirac is entitled to claim that these cryptoid phenomena, as he calls them, should be studied scientifically. He has convinced himself of their reality after personal experiments made with the minutest precautions against error. According to his book, among other achievements, he has drawn subjects towards him by a mere extension of his hands towards them, or produced sensations in various parts of their bodies by the same means; he has produced sleep in a person seated in a café and unconscious of his presence, and he has obtained results in the transference of thought.

Now Mesmer conceived that there was a mutual influence in all co-existent bodies which he called magnetic, and this conception is interesting as an example of early groping in this recondite sphere, but it is quite evident that if it be true that several persons gathered together are able to move objects

<sup>1</sup> "La Psychologie Inconnue." Emile Boirac. Paris: Alcan.

of some weight without touching them, and also to act as media for the transmission and reception of these currents (M. Boirac states that he has witnessed this); then there would appear to be a human force or forces of nature both magnetic and electro-magnetic. If this be so, the question naturally arises: How is this force produced? Can we account for it in the same sense as we can for the electricity of the Voltaic battery? Unfortunately the science of physiology is not sufficiently advanced to allow us to do this. Does the electricity of the body proceed from friction in it, or is it due to metabolic changes? Is its seat the neurons or the whole nervous system?

At the dawn of these new inquiries no answer can be offered to these questions. Spiritists proclaim it to be a psychic force; that is to say, a force proceeding from the organ of thought; they actually claim, indeed, that it may be concentrated, when exteriorized, in the corner of a room (for it is undoubtedly to the bio-magnetic influence, although they are only dimly conscious of it, that they allude, when they speak of a psychic force), but we have no proof of this. We cannot assert upon the evidence that thought alone can be exteriorized as energy. Certainly the mind has the power to cause abnormal changes in or upon the body, changes which are, in medical language, both splanchnic and peripheral. Thus the sight or thought of food is said to cause (and in the case of a dog has been known to cause) secretion of gastric juice. The sight or thought of pain or misfortune causes the secretion of a watery fluid from the eyes, but whether the act of mental concentration of the kind we know as willing, or intense thinking, is productive of some internal change which results in the setting free of a force capable of manifesting itself in the outer world, we do not know. If I

purposely exert my will to the utmost, a series of phenomena no doubt occur, but I do not know whether any chemical change has taken place which has resulted in a force or influence capable of transmitting my orders to another brain, as in suggestion, or whether intensity of thought, on my part, can produce a change resulting in telepathy.

Many hypotheses, of course, may be formed to account for the production of a bio-magnetic force. Life itself may be electrical; the general functions of the body in conjunction with the psychic function of the brain may generate an electricity which may reach the periphery by the nerves. Or we may conceive the force to be centred in one organ only, or in more than one, and so on, until we have exhausted all conceivable contingencies.

But having formed these hypotheses, we should have to take the next step forward and experiment, and this is where the difficulty arises. Have we to deal with one or more forces of the same character, but with varying effects? In so far as it is psychic, is bio-magnetism confined to the *homo sapiens*, or is it to be found in other species of the animal kingdom in one or other of its manifestations? Until systematic research is organized, there can be no answer to these questions.

In common with all who have experienced it, M. Boirac does not know how he became possessed of it, and only made the discovery of its presence in him when he had reached the age of forty. Desirous of tracing an analogy between it and the vitalism revealed by the ergograph, which, as is well known, is not affected by a person weakened by ill-health, I inquired of him whether, in his case, it varied according to his state of health. He replied that he thought it did, and related to me the following experience:

· Finding myself during the holidays [he writes] in a village of the South of



France. In a company of some young men, the conversation turned upon the phenomena of suggestion, hypnotism, &c. The young men asked me to make some trials upon them. I subjected them, one after the other (there were three or four of them), to the test of Dr. Moutin (attraction backwards by a slight contact with the palm of the hand of the operator with the shoulder blades). The effect obtained was *nil* or insignificant. A man of sixty, who had approached and who had asked what was taking place, declared, in the vernacular of the locality, "all that was nonsense." Invited by the young men to allow me to experiment upon him, he consented readily enough. I confess that I scarcely hoped to succeed. In spite of my scepticism, and contrary to my expectation, the attraction was so strong that he lost his balance and nearly fell. He declared that I had pulled him by his clothes, but the attraction was reproduced without contact and at a distance. I was able afterwards to suggestionize him as I pleased, and to paralyze or to contract nearly all his muscles as I chose. The poor man was literally frightened, and as soon as he could he ran away precipitately. The following days when he saw me at the end of a street he made off in great haste. I returned to this village after an absence of more than a month, and I chanced to meet this same individual in a gathering where my experiment was mentioned, and where a desire was expressed to see it repeated. The patient protested, talked of leaving, then finally, at the urgent request of his friends, he consented, but not without having shown signs of apprehension. I produced, however, no effect at all. For the previous two days I had been suffering from a kind of dysentery, and I felt much weakened. But I alone knew this circumstance, of which, however, I was not thinking at the moment. A year afterwards, having returned to this same place during the holidays, and being in my ordinary state of health, I experimented again with this same subject, and again the effects which I produced upon him were

extraordinary rapid and intense.

This would seem to prove that the bio-magnetic force is only evoked, in those cases where it is evoked, when the operator is in good health, and hence it would have at least one point of analogy with the vital force of the ergograph alluded to above. But, as M. Boirac says, a series of experiments would be necessary before an hypothesis could be formed in this connection, and there exists at present no institution specially set apart for such experiments.

It is evident, however, that if this force exists, it is an effect the first cause of which is probably as unexplainable as that of electricity. We can only hope to elicit the manner of its production and what it is that differentiates the operator from the transmitter and the conservator, and whether the telepathic influence differs from the magnetic, supposing that they separately exist. M. Boirac is inclined to consider that, whatever may be the variants of this force, they are so many modes of universal energy, and even transformable in the more frequent and general modalities called heat, light, electricity. They all, at any rate, seem to him to present the common property of conductivity. Even the psychical phenomena (including suggestion, telepathy, &c.) appear to him to obey the same general law of conductivity which reigns in electricity. The subjects are the bad conductors, the insulators; the others are the good conductors, the transmitters. These are the conclusions to which his examination of the subject leads him. By conductivity which he states to be operative *even along a wire*, the reality of the force supposed to be possessed by mediums can be tested, and knowledge gained of the whole range of these alleged phenomena.

If I have insisted upon the work of



M. Boirac, it is not because he is the only experimenter of repute in this field, but because he is one whose experiments have been made by an avowed possessor of the bio-magnetic influence, and whose mind seems wholly free from the mystical tendencies which so many inquirers, especially in England, are given to evince.

The inquiry is clearly of great importance. It is nothing less than the systematic study of a form at least of the extra-corporeal attribute of life which humanity has, from the remotest ages, suspected to exist and as to which it has exercised to the utmost its imaginative powers. What is there in the living body that may be called extraneous to the matter of which it is composed? There may be one or several things. Early inquirers conceived a spirit in some way connected with the breath of life. Others have supposed a brain function, and now there is postulated the bio-magnetic influence which either embraces these or is distinct. The term life impulse may include the bio-psychical activity or it may be separated from it. It may be that this activity is an electricity derived from the universal electricity animating matter generally, but only manifesting itself in special conditions. A conclusion in this sense would go far to prove that life itself is electricity, and that a monism which declared it such had reached the truth. The force that can kill may also be the force that can cause to live, according as it is proportioned and conditioned. The final cause of death itself may be the failure of the body to produce this force in the measure and the manner needed for the life process.

It may be that by reason of its comparative scarcity, it can never be of any appreciable physical utility, and up to now, its curative effects (vainly evoked by Mesmer) have not been proved, unless it be in the form of

suggestion, which may or may not be a mode of the same influence; but it should be a sufficient reason that it is known to exist, with some degree of certainty, to induce inquirers to make, in the cause of knowledge, a careful study of its manifestations. Truths might be thus revealed which might greatly aid the solution of the riddle of existence.

By the methods hitherto employed by psychical inquirers, little knowledge may be gained. Observation must be supplemented by experiment conducted with precision and aided by appliances or instruments. We know that psychology existed in a state of nebulous uncertainty, entangled in the web of metaphysics, until it began to be studied in the hospital and in the laboratory. It is the same with this new science, if such it may be called, which waits reliable and accurate investigators and the rigid application of experimental methods.

It is not because we are in general completely unaware that this power dwells in us, that we should necessarily deny that it exists. As M. Boirac says, "All our emotions, all our volitions, all our thoughts themselves are accompanied in our muscles by imperceptible fibril movements which translate them faithfully as they unfold and modify themselves. We have, as a rule, not the least suspicion of them, but experiments such as that of the pendulum of Chevreuil immediately cause them to become manifest."

In recent years, by the discovery of X-rays and radium, matter has been shown to possess properties which were never dreamt of by the physicists of fifty years ago, and there would appear to be no grounds for dogmatically asserting that the matter of which the human body is composed has yielded all its secrets yet. Just as men were once ignorant of the circulation of the blood, so it may be that there are

dormant neuronic forces in us which still await discovery. I should not like to be held to say they *do* exist; but I think that sufficient reasons have now been offered to legitimize investigation.

There are few men who are not desirous of knowing more about life than we know at present. The desire to ascertain what it is that animates matter is inextinguishable and will continue until it is satisfied. It is not enough to be told that the origin of life is merged in the protoplasmic origin of living things. That is not sufficient to

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allay our curiosity. If we cannot learn why life is, we may at least hope to discover to what causes it is due, and to do so we should neglect no clue, however slight it may at first appear. In obedience to what laws does the animation of protoplasm happen? How does it occur that the germ-plasm acquires mind as it develops? May it not be that the X force which appears to dwell in living bodies is one which co-operates to animate the germ, and is, in part at least, the principle of life?

*F. Carrel.*

## THE CUXBERY DIAMONDS.

### I.

Godfrey Bulliatt, M. P., was, as all Eastnorshire knew, the owner of Carples Hall and the big estate that surrounded it. He had not made his money in steel or pork or oil; but he was a substantial, prosperous county gentleman, born into a good social position, and possessed of sufficient wealth to maintain it. He was M.P. for the southern division of the county. The family traditions were Liberal; but Godfrey Bulliatt had refused the Home Rule leap, and had retained his seat by the votes of those who until then had been his political opponents. He was on the whole a popular man in the county. He was a sportsman, had been the best boxer at Eton, had rowed in the Cambridge boat, and was a splendid shot. In the matter of the foxhounds he had been more than liberal, and he was a subscribing president or vice-president of innumerable cricket and football clubs. He could hold his own in any society, and more than once he had entertained Royalty itself at Carples. Altogether, a sound, strong, prosperous man.

In every cup, however, there lurks one bitter drop, and the memory of his first marriage still rankled in his

heart. Not that there had been scandal or sensation of any kind. It had been a perfectly decorous but quite unmistakable failure. When he married Louisa Cuxbery every one thought he had done very well indeed, for she was the favorite niece of old Miss Cuxbery, who was not only fabulously rich, but also the possessor of the famous Cuxbery diamonds, worth a fortune in themselves. Louisa was a poor, timid, delicate little thing, with not much to say for herself, and no outstanding accomplishments; but one can't have everything, and the diamonds and investments would cover a multitude of failings. All his perfectly reasonable and legitimate calculations, however, were speedily upset. Miss Cuxbery, to his great delight, invited herself to Carples within three months of the marriage. He received her almost with his royalty manners, and in return she pronounced him an odious creature, and quarreled violently with her niece, declaring that no one could possibly have married him except for mercenary motives. Within a year the poor little wife had released her husband, as far as she could, from his unfortunate contract, leaving behind her, however, a singularly small

and unattractive baby, who was duly christened with great pomp Vivian Godfrey Herbert Tankerton Bulllatt.

After a brief, but still decent, interval, the bereaved husband threw his handkerchief again, and this time he left nothing to chance. Lady Nina Beaukirke was a distinguished-looking young lady, with a splendid figure and an adequate settlement. She was magnificently healthy, and had an excellent temper and a more than passable intelligence. Year by year she bore him a series of record babies, as sturdy and well built as their father and as even-tempered as their mother. As they developed into girls and boys the sporting element soon manifested itself, and the proud father often chuckled when he saw Bertie shaping at the wicket like a miniature Jackson, or Elinor galloping fearlessly round the paddock on her pony.

## II.

When Vivian was thirteen the headmaster of the preparatory school where he and Bertie were being educated came over to Carples one Sunday afternoon.

"What a fine little chap your Bertie is!" he said. "He's one of the youngest boys in the school, and yet he's made his own place already. His batting is really quite wonderful for his age."

"What about his Latin?" asked Mr. Bulllatt with a smile.

"Very fair, very fair indeed," replied Mr. Lewthorpe; "quite promising, I should say. Of course, to a boy built as he is, games will always be a great attraction."

The father nodded. "And what about Vivian?" he asked.

Mr. Lewthorpe's expression immediately became diplomatic. He hesitated for a moment. "Well," he began, "it is really about Vivian that I came over to see you, Mr. Bulllatt. He is a

dear boy—a dear boy. Mrs. Lewthorpe thinks there is no one like him, but he causes me a good deal of anxiety."

"Why, what's he been up to?"

"Nothing. That's exactly what makes me anxious. We've been boys ourselves, Mr. Bulllatt, and we know that a healthy normal boy is always up to something. Now, Vivian is too quiet, too restrained, too correct in his behavior. It seems strange for a schoolmaster to complain that a boy gives him no trouble; but I assure you I should be quite relieved to see Vivian get into a good, wholesome scrape."

"So that you could give him a good, wholesome licking, eh?" said Mr. Bulllatt, with a laugh that had, perhaps, just a hint of annoyance in it.

"That's the last thing I can imagine myself doing to Vivian. Why, I'd almost as soon cane my Fanny!" exclaimed the headmaster.

They were walking on the terrace in front of the drawing-room, and they took a couple of turns in silence.

Then Mr. Lewthorpe spoke again. "It's against my own interest, of course, but I've been wondering whether school-life is the best for such a boy just at this particular stage."

"What else would you advise?"

"I think perhaps if he were kept at home for another year with a tutor it might tide over a difficult time. I have known such cases before. A year at that age makes a wonderful difference."

"Well," said Mr. Bulllatt after another silent turn. "I dare say you're right. At any rate we'll try. But I'm afraid he'll never make a decent English schoolboy. He's never been like my other boys. Why, a few months ago an old aunt of a sort sent him a present of a box of dolls. Fancy! A boy of his age! He simply took them and began playing with the

nursery children, and showing them the dolls. It isn't natural. Still, we'll try what you suggest. As you say, a year may make a lot of difference to him."

### III.

A year went by, and others in its train; but the contrast between Vivian and his half-brothers only became more sharply defined. They went to Eton and upheld the family reputation for sportsmanship. He was so obviously unfit for the hurly-burly of public-school life that, instead, he was sent to read with a clergyman in Yorkshire. Bertie at fifteen was taller, heavier, and far stronger than his elder brother, who grew up a short, slight, dapper young man, with a high, rather narrow forehead and pale-blue eyes. Even about his best physical features there was nothing characteristically virile. His eyebrows were beautifully arched, his lips were finely modelled, and his hair was soft as silk. He was not stupid; indeed, he was distinctly imaginative, and he developed a decided talent for drawing. But in the ordinary branches of school education he was backward. He went to Oxford, however, in due course, and with careful coaching managed to pass his examinations just about the time that Bertie covered himself with glory by scoring 80 not out, and saving the match against Harrow.

On his twenty-second birthday Vivian was astonished to receive a cheque for one thousand pounds from Miss Cuxbery. When he was about twelve he had been invited to spend a week with the old lady, and a year later she had sent him the unfortunate dolls that had aroused his father's indignation. From that time till the date of the cheque she had taken no further notice at all of him or of any of the family, and six months after the send-

ing of the one thousand pounds she died suddenly. Her will contained no reference to the Bulliatts. She seemed to have hunted out her remotest family connections, and left all her property among them. As for the famous diamonds, they were not even mentioned in the will. Some of the nearer relatives talked of opposing probate on the ground that the old lady must have been of unsound mind, and even Mr. Bulliatt went up to town and consulted his solicitor; but it soon became apparent that they had not a leg to stand upon. Miss Cuxbery was eccentric, had a bitter, cross-grained humor, and was violently prejudiced; but her mind was clear and vigorous to the very last.

So far, Vivian, though certainly a disappointment, had given his father no serious trouble. With his step-mother he had always been a favorite, for to the second family, especially to the little ones, he had shown himself an exemplary elder brother. But in the midst of all those strong, active, energetic people he had appeared a singular, pathetic figure, a negligible factor in the sum that represented the Carples household. And then quite suddenly, in a moment, the negligible factor became significant, and the habitually weak stood revealed as the unexpectedly strong.

### IV.

Luncheon was over, and Mr. Bulliatt, according to custom, had gone to his study, lighted his pipe, and taken up the *Times* for the second time that day. In the early morning he read the news, luncheon gave him fortitude to tackle the leaders. He had just found the right page when a tap sounded on the door. He laid the paper down on his knee and shouted a masterful "Come in!"

He was astonished to see his eldest son. It was very seldom indeed that

Vivian took the initiative at all, even in the small domestic affairs. There was, too, an unusual expression on the young man's face, an expression which his father was at a loss to interpret.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, father?" he said.

As he stood there, the light from the opposite window falling strongly upon him, his poor little frail figure showed up with insistent weakness, and the old irritation stirred in Mr. Bulliatt's mind. That this should be his eldest son, his heir! Then he reminded himself that the boy was not to blame.

"Certainly, Vivian," he answered, and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, my boy. What is it?"

The young man sat down, and then paused for a moment. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, gave a rather foolish little simper, and said, "I've been thinking that I should like to marry."

Mr. Bulliatt was certainly startled. Vivian looked so absurdly young that it was really not easy to take such an announcement seriously. After all, though, the boy was right. He was more than twenty-two, quite time enough to be thinking—at long range, of course—of matrimony. So in a half-jocular and wholly good-humored tone Mr. Bulliatt said, "And who is the fortunate young lady?"

Vivian flushed a rich red, but his voice sounded stronger and more manly. "Miss Flagge," he said.

Miss Flagge was the daughter of a former curate at Carples parish church, who had now a small living in Wiltshire. He had neither fortune nor good family to recommend him. The young lady herself had taught some of the Bulliatt children the elements of music.

Mr. Bulliatt's first emotion was not so much indignation or anger as amusement. Miss Flagge to marry the heir of Carples! It was too absurd!

"A very pretty little idyl," he said with a great guffaw. Then he glanced at Vivian and saw that his face had set into a quite unfamiliar expression. "How long has this nonsense been going on?" he ended, speaking sharply.

Vivian answered in a curiously deliberate voice. "We have only been engaged since yesterday week, but we have meant it for more than a year."

"Oh, have you?" said his father, now seriously angry. "Well, then, you'll please understand that I won't have you playing the fool like that. Do you hear?"

He waited for an answer, and Vivian in a very low voice said, "Yes."

"Very well"—and Mr. Bulliatt turned with an air of relief to his paper—"there's an end of that, then. I'm glad you told me. Perhaps the best way will be for you to go abroad for a few months. I'll think it over. And I'll write to Flagge."

His tone implied dismissal, but, to his secret astonishment, the young man did not stir. The squire had never before seen Vivian in this mood; he was still more astonished to hear him say, "I would much rather you did not write."

"I shall do exactly what I think best," exclaimed Mr. Bulliatt with emphasis. "I don't want to pursue the subject at present. I'm very busy just now."

The hint was quite broad enough, and Vivian took it.

## V.

Three days after this interview Vivian Bulliatt married Laura Flagge. She was a bright, sensible, good-looking girl, and really fond of him. It was a runaway marriage, and the curate did not get Mr. Bulliatt's letter of polite reproach and warning till his daughter had actually left his roof. He read it, in fact, just about the time when the squire of Carples was digesting the stilt

little note in which Vivian apologized for disobeying the parental commands.

"Dear Father"—it ran—"I am afraid you will be very angry when I tell you that by the time you read this letter I shall be married to my dearest Laura. If you only knew her I am quite sure you would think me wonderfully fortunate. I think perhaps it will be as well that I am not to go on living at home, for I know that I have always been a disappointment to you. I shall miss the children very much, and I think they will sometimes miss me in the nursery. I have left the box of dolls. Clem and baby will like to play with them. Give my love to mother. I hope you will both forgive me, even if you do not approve of my marriage. —Your affectionate son,

*Vivian G. H. T. Bulliatt.*

Mr. Flagg was dismayed and tearful. Mr. Bulliatt furious and apoplectic; but both were, and knew themselves to be, helpless. Perhaps in his secret heart the ex-curate was not altogether inconsolable. As for the squire, he relieved his feelings by having all Vivian's personal belongings immediately packed up and despatched to the address given in the letter. 8 St. Rollox Terrace, Streatham.

"Everything, mind," he exclaimed—"books, and painting-things, and his fishing-tackle. Don't leave anything out."

A minute or two later, after glancing again at Vivian's letter, he opened his study door to shout out, "And don't forget that box of his with the dolls. They'll be in the nursery, I expect."

The young couple had settled down in a comfortable little furnished flat on Streatham Hill. Besides his one thousand pounds, Vivian had saved about one hundred and fifty pounds out of his liberal allowance, and he had strong hopes of making money by drawing. "A man he knew" had told him how easy it was to get such work, and how

well paid it was. The one thousand one hundred pounds would keep them in quiet comfort for three or four years; and by that time, even if his father proved obdurate, he would be earning enough to support their modest establishment. Laura, who had a better idea of the value of money, fully believed that Mr. Bulliatt would speedily relent, and also had a good deal of faith in her husband's abilities as an artist. Still, she soon appointed herself chancellor of the exchequer, and did her best to save their slender capital.

## VI.

Four years passed, and the situation remained very much what it had been. Bertie and his younger brothers and sisters grew up big and strong and healthy, and in a large, florid way handsome. The squire and his wife looked hardly a day older, though he had fought and lost an election.

As for Vivian and Laura, they still lived in their little flat at Streatham. But their capital, in spite of great care, had shrunk by half, while the number of mouths to be filled had actually doubled. A little Godfrey and a tiny Laura increased at once their joys and their anxieties. Vivian had long since learned by hard experience how fallacious were the hopes fostered by "the man he knew." But he had stuck to his work with surprising tenacity, and the discipline of disappointment was developing in him other qualities than mere draughtsmanship, though of late even in that direction gleams of encouragement had come. The *Graphic* had taken two drawings, and some really clever little cricket caricatures had gone off quite readily. Still, the money he earned was only a trifle, and he was consumed by anxiety as to the future. He had made several overtures of reconciliation to his father, and so had Mr. Flagg on his behalf; but all these



had been repelled with contemptuous silence. Unfortunately his wife's health had been unsatisfactory, and she had been obliged to undergo a severe operation. He would not hear of her going to a hospital, and the expenses of the nursing-home and her convalescence had been a cruel drain on the fast-dwindling little capital. Besides, her illness had been a long, dragging affair, and he owed their own doctor a long bill. Even now it was doubtful whether her recovery would be complete.

Still, there were rifts in the clouds. Husband and wife were devoted to each other, and the fact that her life had been spared made up for much. Then the children were a perpetual joy; and, as Laura said, he was worth half-a-dozen nurse-girls. Another source of pleasure was the occasional visits of Bertie and of Elinor, his eldest half-sister. They were indignant at the harsh treatment meted out to him, and they brought many messages of affection from the younger ones, who still remembered their old play-fellow. To them Vivian put on his most cheerful air, and they had no idea how badly things were really going in the pretty little flat, though of course they heard of Laura's illness.

One bright June morning Dr. Steel looked in on his early rounds to tell Vivian that his wife would be back in three days' time. "And, my dear fellow," he went on, "do try to put on your brightest face. Cheerfulness will be more to her than medicine. You aren't looking very sprightly now." As he spoke his heart smote him, for he had a shrewd idea how the land lay.

"Just wait a moment, will you?" said Vivian, and went out of the room. He came back almost at once with a small parcel in his hand. "Look here, doctor," he began, "you understand this sort of stuff, I know; you said it was a hobby of yours. I wish you'd tell me

if you think they're worth anything. I don't care about keeping them, but I don't want to throw them away." He opened the packet. Inside were five or six rings, a couple of scarf-pins, three sets of sleeve-links, and some studs.

Dr. Steel took them to the window and looked at them carefully. "I'm only an amateur, you know," he said; "but these"—he held up two of the rings—"look to me pretty good. If you like to trust me with them I'll get you an offer for the lot."

Vivian's face brightened. "I'd be very grateful if you would," he answered. "I shouldn't know in the least where to go."

"You mustn't expect anything very grand; they are all small stones." This was the doctor's good-bye, and he saw the brightness die out of Vivian's face. "I'm afraid he is getting near the end of his tether," he said to himself as he jumped into his victoria.

## VII.

On the following Friday afternoon Dr. Steel called at St. Rollox Terrace on a double errand. He was the bearer of an offer of thirty pounds for the two rings which he had picked out, and he was anxious to see Mrs. Bulliatt, who was expected home about five. It was five when he rang the bell. Vivian had gone to fetch her, and they had not yet arrived.

"Where are the children?" the doctor asked the little servant. "I may as well have a look at them."

"They are playing in the dining-room," she answered, and took him in.

The children were both of them lying on the sofa, and between them sat a group of old-fashioned dolls. Godfrey, who was very much like his mother, held an extra big doll on his knees.

Dr. Steel knelt down, and with sundry digs and pokes soon had both the

children laughing. He laid hold of the big doll on Godfrey's knee.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed; "what's her name?"

"She's the Keen," said Godfrey, who was very forward. "She's got a c'own and g'ass eyes."

"So she has," said the doctor, and began to squint and frown at her in the most extraordinary way. "And look at her glass beads too. Don't they glitter? Why, I declare, they've all of them got glass eyes and beads round their necks too!"

"G'ass eyes! g'ass eyes! g'ass eyes!" shouted Godfrey.

Dr. Steel pulled out a pocket-knife, deliberately prised out one of the Queen's eyes, and looked at it very carefully.

"What's 'oo doin'?" shrilled Godfrey.

"She's got a sore eye, and I'm putting it right," said the doctor, replacing the eye in its socket.

Just then the door-bell rang loudly, and a minute or two after Vivian came in.

*Chambers's Journal.*

"She's lying down in the next room," he said. "She does seem wonderfully better. We'll give her a minute or two, and then we'll go and see her."

The doctor hardly seemed to be listening. "I say, where did you get those rum-looking dolls?"

"An old aunt, or great-aunt, sent them to me years ago. Why, what makes you ask?"

"What sort of a person was she?"

Vivian laughed. "Enormously rich and frightfully eccentric. She left about a quarter of a million, and she ought to have left the Cuxbery diamonds, but they seemed to have vanished. No one knows what has become of them."

While this little conversation was going on, Dr. Steel had been stripping the dolls of their eyes and ornaments. Now he held out his hand with a pile of the glittering beads, and answered Vivian's last remark. "I do," he said. "here they are, the Cuxbery diamonds, and worth ten thousand pounds, if they're worth a penny! Let us go into the next room and administer the tonic."

*B. Paul Newman.*

### MR. HARDY'S NEW POEMS.\*

The battle is still not to the strong, nor the victory to youth. There have been a good many volumes of poetry published this year; but has there been one that surpasses or equals this in the indefinable quality of greatness by which human productions survive? We have so many poets of the younger generation who can say what they have to say in admirable verse; only, unhappily, what they have to say is not a great deal. Here, on the other hand, is a veteran, whose natural medium is really not verse at all, but whose mind

is so full of living energy of thought, his heart so big with human sympathy, his voice ringing so clear with sincerity and strength, that he at once compels all listeners to give him the full hearing which they deny to the rather meaningless accomplishment of his younger rivals. It is true that some of these poems were written when he was young himself; but there is scarcely one that shows any feebleness of age, any of the emptiness of exhausted power; and, besides, even if they were all the gleanings of youth, which of our young men can be sure that, forty years hence, he will have such a youth to glean from? Perhaps

\* "Time's Laughing-Stocks, and other Verses." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s 6d net.)

there is an answer to that question; and perhaps he who provides it is some one who is as little known to-day as Mr. Hardy was forty years ago. That has generally been the right answer to the perpetual contrast between the fertility and strength of the generation which is passing away and the apparent insignificance of contemporaries.

"Time's Laughing-Stocks" consists of poems written at different times, some being dated as long ago as 1865, and others belonging to the last few years—one at least, that on George Meredith, having been written in 1909, within the last few months. Mr. Hardy apologizes in his preface for "some lack of concord in pieces written at widely severed dates"; but he has no need. Any difference that there may be is little felt in the unity that comes of the strong personality that produced them all and has been essentially the same throughout. Take, for instance, this little epigram, written in 1866:—

A senseless school where we must give  
Our lives that we may learn to live!  
A dolt is he who memorizes  
Lessons that leave no time for prizes.

It is scarcely poetry at all, only thought put into metrical shape; but who does not recognize its kinship with "The Dynasts," both in the cast of the thought and in the ruggedness of its expression? The chief difference, so far as any can be traced, between the earlier and the later poems is that in Mr. Hardy, as in other men, the intellect in early life had an activity and a confidence in its powers of analysis which in age has tended to give place to quiet wonder, tenderness, and silence. "The heart still overrules the head," especially as age brings on the disillusion of the intellect, while the heart has its refuge from all disillusion in a love which never despairs. We begin by offering fools—that is, the people with whom we disagree—their choice between the Koran of our opin-

ions or the sword of our intellectual contempt; but the wisest of us end by putting the sword in its sheath, and leaving the Koran to make its way by its own virtues. It is possible to be tenderer to fools than Mr. Hardy is even now; but it is noticeable that, so far as can be judged, it is not "the folly of it" but "the pity of it" which is the note of the later poems.

The book has plenty of variety. There are a number of sonnets, the work of a man who is always observing and thinking about life, and, being an artist, always wanting to give expression to his thoughts and observations. Like the sonnets of Shakespeare and Meredith, they show a wonderful power of getting some momentary intellectual or emotional experience subtly and exactly shaped upon the paper; but Mr. Hardy is not primarily a poet, and consequently his sonnets have not that music of the mind of which the most crabbed problem hardly ever robs Shakespeare. Here is one of the best, "The Minute before Meeting":—

The gray gaunt days dividing us in  
twain  
Seemed hopeless hills my strength  
must faint to climb,  
But they are gone; and now I would  
detrain  
The few clock-beats that part us; rein  
back Time,  
And live in close expectance never  
closed  
In change for far expectance closed at  
last,  
So harshly has expectance been im-  
posed  
On my long need while these slow  
blank months passed.  
And knowing that what is now about  
to be  
Will all *have been* in O, so short a  
space!  
I read beyond it my despondency  
When more dividing months shall take  
its place,  
Thereby denying to this hour of grace  
A full-up measure of felicity.

One can imagine Shakespeare enjoying the task of working out that analysis of a lover's experience; and perhaps Mr. Hardy's sonnet would not have been what it is if Shakespeare's sonnets had never been written. All poets are subject to the influence of their great predecessors and contemporaries: it is part of the sensitiveness of the poetic temperament to be so; but perhaps it comes out most in poets who have the temperament without the inborn gift which expresses itself naturally and primarily in verse. So, Mr. Hardy in these "Love Lyrics," as he calls the second section of his poems, will remind us sometimes of Shakespeare, sometimes of Meredith, and then sometimes of Browning, as, for instance, in the stanzas called "In the Crypted Way":—

In the crypted way where the passage  
turned

To the shadowy corner that none could  
see.

You paused to part from me,—plain-  
tively;

Though overnight had come words that  
burned

My fond frail happiness out of me.

And then I kissed you,—despite my  
thought

That our spell must end when reflec-  
tion came

On what you had deemed me, whose  
one long aim

Had been to serve you; that what I  
sought

Lay not in a heart that could breathe  
such blame.

But yet I kissed you; whereon you  
again

As of old kissed me. Why, why was it  
so?

Do you cleave to me after that light-  
tongued blow?

If you scorned me at eventide, how  
love then?

The thing is dark, Dear, I do not know.

It is almost pure Browning, matter  
and manner; no one would be surprised

to come upon it as he turned over the pages of Dramatic Romances. Yet one thinks one can pierce behind its imitative surface to a reality of kindred feeling. After all, only one man in our time has watched the ways of men and women with a keenness rivalling that of Browning and Mr. Hardy; and why should not the watchers in these human heavens see the same stars, not only the rising or setting, but also the shooting and falling, the quick things that gleam and are gone?

One other illustration of this virtuosity of the amateur of genius which characterizes Mr. Hardy's volume. Nothing can be less like Browning than Mr. Bridges or the seventeenth century masters who have so greatly influenced him. Yet Mr. Hardy can take us straight from the conversational vividness, the intellectual sword play, of Browning to the massive simplicity of the Caroline poets, a simplicity as of old and great music. Is not that the note of the fine introduction to his Country Songs, which he calls "Let me enjoy. (Minor key.)"?

Let me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,  
Who throws me not a word or sign;  
I will find charm in her uncare,  
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song  
Inspired by scenes and souls un-  
known,

I'll pour out raptures that belong  
To others, as they were my own.

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise  
And all its blest—if such should be—  
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,  
Though it contain no place for me.

After all, the question one comes  
more and more often to ask, whether  
consciously or unconsciously, about lit-

erature is whether there is anything real behind it. Mere dexterity, however assured and professional, leaves the middle-aged reader increasingly cold. The thing that ultimately tells is the thing which never fails with Mr. Hardy, a sense of big issues, of something large and high, something the very reverse of trivial, in the poet's outlook upon life. That is the eternal difference between cleverness and greatness in all the arts—between Stothard, for instance, with all his genuine and delightful gifts, and Blake with all his very real limitations. And no one who has read anything of Mr. Hardy's novels, or "The Dynasts," or even these poems, can for a moment be unaware that he is in the company of a man who does not live in a little world. The great impression is everywhere, in the songs and the sonnets and occasional pieces; everywhere, perhaps, except in some rather meaningless verses written during the last election about a candidate's wife. But it is perhaps present most of all in what is most characteristic of Mr. Hardy, nearest to the Hardy of the novels, the striking ballads and other pieces which make up the first section of the volume. It is they that give their name "Time's Laughing-stocks" to the whole book; and again and again throughout the volume it is that old sense of the vastness of Time and the littleness of human doings and sufferings that gives them a touch of something humbly akin to sublimity. It is the essence, for instance, of "The Two Rosalinds," of "The House of Hospitalities," of "Autumn in the Park," of "1967," "Night in the Old Home," "Before Life and After," and many others. Many of these are meditations of the sort which can be guessed by readers of the novels, of the sort which help to give the novels their great double life, a visible drama enacted by certain persons before our eyes, and an invisible drama, the pro-

cession of ages, not seen, but felt to be enacted by invisible actors behind a curtain which we know to be only a curtain. But, even more than these, perhaps, the things here that will stick in the memory are the two or three tragic ballads, especially "A Tramp Woman's Tragedy" and the "Sunday Morning Tragedy," which latter also happens to be the finest piece of pure verse in the book. It is no small accomplishment to have successfully, and without producing a sensation of artifice, rhymed the second and fourth lines of all the thirty-four stanzas to the word "me." And the sad story is worth the pains lavished on it. But perhaps the "Tramp Woman" is still finer. The scene lies in Wessex, and every word is pure Hardy, a picture signed all over. It is too long to quote in full; but here are some of the thirteen stanzas:—

From Wynyard's Gap the livelong day,  
The livelong day,

We beat afoot the northward way  
We had travelled times before.  
The sun-blaze burning on our backs,  
Our shoulders sticking to our packs,  
By fosseway, fields, and turnpike  
tracks  
We skirted sad Sedge-Moor.

Full twenty miles we jaunted on,  
We jaunted on,—  
My fancy man, and jeering John,  
And Mother Lee, and I.  
And, as the sun drew down to west,  
We climbed the tollsome Poldon crest,  
And saw, of landskip sights the best,  
The inn that beamed thereby.

Lone inns we loved, my man and I,  
My man and I;  
"King's Stag," "Windwhistle" high and  
dry,  
"The Horse" on Hintock Green,  
The cozy house at Wynyard's Gap,  
"The Hut" renowned on Bredy Knap,  
And many another wayside tap  
Where folk might sit unseen.

Now as we trudged—O deadly day!  
O deadly day!—  
I teased my fancy man in play

And wanton idleness.  
I walked alongside jeering John,  
I laid his hand my waist upon:  
I would not bend my glances on  
My lover's dark distress.

Thus Poldon top at last we won.  
At last we won,  
And gained the Inn at sink of sun  
Far-famed as "Marshal's Elm."  
Beneath us figured tor and lea.  
From Mendip to the western sea—  
I doubt if finer sight there be  
Within this royal realm.

Inside the settle all a-row—  
Ay, all a-row  
We sat, I next to John, to show  
That he had wooed and won.  
And then he took me on his knee,  
And swore it was his turn to be  
My favorite mate, and Mother Lee  
Passed to my former one.

Then in a voice I had never heard,  
I had never heard,  
My only Love to me: "One word.  
My doxy, if you please!  
Whose is the child you are like to  
bear?—  
*His?* After all my months of care?"  
God knows 'twas not! But, O despair.  
I nodded—still to tease.

Then up he sprung, and with his  
knife—

*The Times.*

And with his knife—  
He let out jeering Johnny's life,  
Yes: there at set of sun.  
The slant ray through the window  
nigh  
Gilded John's blood and glazing eye,  
Ere scarcely Mother Lee and I  
Knew that the deed was done.

It has its inevitable sequel on the gal-  
lows; and the baby dies:—

And in the night as I lay weak.  
As I lay weak,  
The leaves a-falling on my cheek,  
The red moon low declined—  
The ghost of him I'd die to kiss  
Rose up and said: "Ah, tell me this!  
Was the child mine, or was it his?  
Speak, that I rest may find!"

O doubt not but I told him then,  
I told him then,  
That I had kept me from all men  
Since we joined lips and swore.  
Whereat he smiled, and thinned away  
As the wind stirred to call up day . . .  
—'Tis past! And here alone I stray  
Haunting the Western Moor.

There is no mistaking the ring of that.  
It is the well-known voice, the voice of  
the poet of Wessex, and of the heart  
of Wessex. For the poet is the novel-  
ist, and the novelist the poet.

## ON GREAT FAMILIES.

There is in the National Gallery a curious essay in portraiture which inspires, as one gazes at it, a mixture of fascination and fear. The males of some prosperous Milanese family have been sketched by Borgognone on a single canvas. They stand crowded together in an attitude of conventional devotion, the old, the young, and the middle-aged, some with the apprehensive piety of decrepitude, and some with the insolent sensuality of vigor. The physical type is uncannily persistent. The facial angle hardly differs

by a degree, and the same long, straight nose appears, fleshy and aggressive in youth, meagre and cautious in old age. The hair is of every shade from yellow to white, but always long and straight and straggling. The mouth, shapely and petulant in the young, has still the proportions and the destinies which will end in the straight compressed lines of the older generations. One thinks of such a family as a disciplined regiment, wearing always, amid changing fashions of raiment, this abiding uniform of the flesh, marching to the rhythm of



some secret measure to the conquest of the scattered individuals, the single sentinels around it. There are minds who love to track in history the records of great families in whom can be traced the persistence of some single trait, physical or mental—the Bourbons, who learned nothing and forgot nothing; the Stuarts, with that obstinacy which mingled so oddly with their more than average intelligence; the Hapsburgs, with that under-lip which hung pendulous and sulky for so many centuries above the galesies of Vienna; the Hohenzollerns, who have commonly contrived to combine a certain dutiful seriousness with every conceivable variety of folly and wisdom. But in all these instances the resemblance is fanciful, a theme which may amuse courtiers and furnish a tag to the weary journalist, but not a line of thought which the serious historian will trouble to follow very closely. There were Bourbons, after all, who tried very hard to learn and forget, particularly those of the younger branch.

The difficult exception is to be found in the case of the Medici. Theirs was a greatness which survived three centuries, and invaded every Power in Christendom. They mingled their blood with Stuarts, Bourbons, and Hapsburgs. An Empress of Austria died contemplating a family tree which traced her origin from Florentine bankers. The history of the Renaissance would be an unintelligible page without them. The end of the Byzantine Empire cannot be understood without reference to that Œcumenical Council which Cosimo Pater Patriæ transferred to Florence. Ask why it was that Luther dragged half of Germany into schism, and the answer is that the first of the Medici Popes was absorbed in a debauch of culture. Ask why it was that England gained a national church under Henry VIII., and again the answer is that the second of the

Medici Popes adjusted the great network of his European policy to further his ends in the mother-city on the Arno, played with Francis, Charles, and Henry, as though they were merely pawns in a Florentine intrigue, and cared little that England should be lost to the Church he ruled, if only his bastard son might be raised to the Dukedom. Seek the reasons for the destruction of Protestantism in France, and again it is the face of a Medici, the Queen-Regent Margaret, which smiles above the horrors of St. Bartholomew. In all this greatness, this baseness and this blindness, the Medici were their own stewards and advisers. There is no Richelieu, no Strafford, no "gray eminence" in their story. They paid in immediate disaster for their occasional inefficiency. They reaped for themselves the whole glory of their more usual competence.

Should we see them, these perennial Medici, a phalanx of uniformed soldiers, opening the world as their oyster, each with the same smile of resolute assurance, if we could find them together on a canvas by Borgognone? An elaborate family history has at last been attempted,<sup>1</sup> written, on the whole, from the standpoint of eulogy. But, with all its wealth of portraits, with all the aid of photographed busts and reproductions from Botticelli and Bronzino, the impression is not one of unity. Colonel Young is, indeed, impressed, perhaps a little uncritically, with the hereditary talent of this powerful family. He traces their history, one by one, from the obscure greatness of their first informal despotism in 1400 down to their inglorious decay in the eighteenth century. He sets them in the rich frame of contemporary European politics, and reinforces their glory by the glitter of all the architects, the painters, the scholars, and the poets

<sup>1</sup> "The Medici." By Colonel G. F. Young, C.B. 2 vols. Murray.

whom they patronized. If his two fat volumes have too often the manner of a compilation, they are informed, none the less, by the steady purpose of tracing into relief what was splendid, in the annals of these bourgeois who got more Kings than Banquo. But the one thing which they do not convey is any sense of personal identity through the successive generations of great Medici. It is possible, with the aid of Bronzino's retrospective and perhaps idealized portraits, to trace a certain physical likeness between Giovanni di Bicci, the first of the Medici who in any sense ruled Florence, Cosimo Pater Patriæ, his son, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, his great-grandson. At least they belong to the same racial type. It is not at all an aristocratic type. It suggests, indeed, powers of calculation, self-restraint, secrecy, and steadiness, but it is the head of a man of affairs, a head one would expect to encounter in a banker or a merchant, but not in a soldier, a country gentleman, or an "intellectual." The busts of the grandson, Piero il Gottoso, display bigger features and a larger head, suggest (despite his physical weakness) a muscular rather than a nervous organization, and convey a sense of power and command. In Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano, on the other hand, we reach, for the first time, a Medici who shows in every feature, and even in the pose of the head, a gay, beautiful, sensitive personality, which might, if it had degenerated, have become insolent and self-indulgent, but could never have been crafty or cold. The two Popes were as distinct from each other, and from other notable Medici, as well could be; while the two disastrous heads of the elder branch, Pietro the Unfortunate, whose portrait by Botticelli has all the air of triumphant likeness, and Alessandro the Moor, the bastard son of Clement VII., were manifestly their moth-

er's sons. Indeed, it was just so long as the Medici continued to marry into other Florentine families which had the same simplicity of manners, with the same high culture, the same neighborly geniality, and that Republican modesty which Tacitus, in a parallel case, used to call the *civile ingenium*, that they retained at once their genius and the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Their moral decline, their misfortunes, and the ruin of the old Florence, dated from the marriage of Lorenzo the Magnificent to a Roman aristocrat. They were evidently not a male stock which could transmit itself unmixed from generation to generation. The Medici inheritance was, indeed, rather a tradition than the blood of genius. Their conscious adherence to citizen manners, their preference for the reality rather than the name of power, their taste in art, their habit of public munificence, their calculated generosity to their enemies—these things were probably rather a strategy thought out in common in the banking house, a product of a certain environment, an effect of careful instruction, than the expression of a temperament which descended from father to son with the *palle* and the *florins*. There is only one other family which we can recall that showed a like uniformity of talent through so many generations. The Bachs were musical through eight generations, and professional musicians through six. They attained supreme genius in one member, distinction of the second order in three or four, competent ability in all. They had a habit of marrying their cousins, but it was their constant family meetings and the practice that the father and elder brothers should undertake the teaching of the younger Bachs which made the family tradition. They were, in fact, a school as well as a family. Physical heredity counts for incomparably less in the making of great families than

the permanence of a view of life or a style in art handed down with deliberate intention from one generation to another.

When history has stripped itself of such semi-magical conceptions as heredity, and ceased to take the notion of transmitted capacity on trust, it will, we think, examine the annals of the Medici with a shrewder curiosity about their finances. Colonel Young has devoted some two pages in these two volumes to the Medici Bank. A realist historian would have taken the Bank as his starting point. It was their credit rather than their talent which made them indispensable to the Republic. They ruled Florence without troops or titles, because Florence was their debtor. It was with loans that they bought the Sforza connection and the privilege of being the Papal bankers. One is curious to know how far their partisans in Florence were also their clients, and what part their international banking played in their brilliant diplomacy. Florence tried to drive Cosimo Pater Patriae into exile, only to find after a year's experience that she could not conduct her wars without his loans. Nor could they even in exile become insignificant; they still controlled a world-wide banking system. Ask, moreover, why they seized so much power and no more, and again the answer probably is that they snatched power enough to protect their property. "It fares ill in Florence," as the great Lorenzo put it, when he ascended his invisible throne, a plain Republican. "with anyone who possesses wealth without any control in the Government." The Medici seized power to protect their bank; they were allowed to keep it because Florence needed

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their credit. The system they inaugurated, from Giovanni di Benci in 1400 down to Cosimo II., who in 1609 abandoned the Bank, because it was glory enough that scions of the Medici sat on four European thrones, was in short a plutocracy centred in a single head. If the Bachs were a school, the Medici were a firm. Ask what inscrutable force of genius it was which descended from generation to generation, and shone among the sinister Grand Dukes of the younger no less than among the genial citizens of the elder branch, and the answer of the realist is in two words—the Medici millions. They rose to the head of the Florentine State primarily because the bad debts owed by our own Edward III. to the other Florentine bankers crippled their rivals at the critical moment. They valued their power for the same reason which leads Lord Rothschild to uphold the veto of the Peers. As for their European position, they achieved it by the simple expedient of buying a Pope. Their history, in short, is the epic of property, a psalm to the power of wealth. It was not genius, it was not cunning, which made the Medici great. They were great because they knew how to spend their income without squandering their capital; because their Bank was as cosmopolitan as the Church; because they understood the use, and, above all, the abuse of money. The single point in which they did show genius was that they had the skill to fill their glorious pawnshop with such a halo of Nativity angels and such a litter of Greek manuscripts that to this day historians can hardly see the ledger.

## WINTER FOLIAGE.

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN, M. A.

It is naturally in the winter time that evergreens are most conspicuous. For though as old Gerard says, they "groweth greene both summer and winter," yet during the summer months their dark, rich foliage is merged in the prevailing wealth of verdure. But as the season advances, and the autumnal gales sweep bare the branches of deciduous trees, then do our evergreen species show themselves in their full pride and glory. The beauty of a winter landscape owes a great deal to its yews and hollies and ivy and Scotch firs. But besides these familiar species the British flora can boast of nearly thirty kinds of indigenous evergreens. Nearly half of these, it is true, belong to the *Ericaceæ*, or heath-family, and, except the common heath, the cowberry, and the cranberry, are comparatively rare or confined to a few localities. Still, the bearberry is not uncommon in Scotland, where also the marsh Andromeda, the trailing azalea, and perhaps the blue *Menziesia* may be found. Ireland, too, can claim the beautiful arbutus or strawberry-tree, which is said to be abundant in the neighborhood of the lakes of Killarney; and St. Dabeoc's heath, which flourishes in many bogs in Connemara and Mayo.

In addition however to these rare or local species, our woods and forests in England, and even our humble hedgerows, can show many an example of evergreen plants to gladden the eyes in winter-time. Scattered throughout the Hampshire woods and coppices, at Selborne, at Droxford, and elsewhere, the spurge-laurel, somewhat resembling a dwarf rhododendron with its crown of glossy leaves, is frequently met with. The wild privet, too, is abundant in many places, and forms a good growth of underwood in sheltered situations.

In hedgerows the privet bush is often conspicuous by reason of its clusters of shining berries, on which the bullfinch loves to feed. There are few more striking effects of color in winter-time, when snow is on the ground, than a cock bullfinch, with its bright crimson breast, feeding on the jet-black berries of the evergreen privet. In some parts of England the wild madder, called "evergreen cliver" in the Isle of Wight, is very conspicuous, trailing with its dark green glossy leaves, arranged in whorls usually of four or five, over the bare brushwood. All along the under-cliff it is abundant—"the most that ever I saw," wrote Dr. William Turner in the year 1551, "is in the Isle of Wight," where it enlivens the monotony of the winter landscape by the exuberant profusion with which it clothes the broken ground and crumbling rocks of that attractive district. In a similar situation further west, between Lyme Regis and Pinny, a locality spoken of by Jane Austen in *Persuasion* as "lovely and wonderful; and resembling scenes of the far-famed Isle of Wight," the wild madder is equally plentiful. Another humble evergreen is the wild periwinkle, which may often be seen covering with a carpet of deepest verdure the slopes and hollows of copses and wild grounds. In similar situations will not infrequently be seen shrubs of the knee-holme or butcher's-broom, well described by an old herbalist as "a low woody plant, having divers small branches or rather stems, of the height of a foot, whereupon are set many leaves like unto those of the Myrtle-tree, but sharpe and pricking at the point. The fruit groweth upon the middle rib of the leafe, greene at the first and red as Corrall when it is ripe, like those of Asparagus but bigger." On

the cliffs near Moulin Huet Bay, in Guernsey, the knee-holme is remarkably abundant, and some years bears a prodigious crop of bright red berries, which make a brave show among the huge boulders of dark gray rock clothed with lichens of the most brilliant coloring.

But of all our native evergreens the holly, the Scotch fir, the yew, and the ivy are the commonest and most conspicuous; and of these, from the standpoint of beauty, the foremost position must be allotted to the holly. Evelyn calls it an "incomparable tree," and waxes eloquent over his holly hedge at Say's Court. "Is there under heaven," he exclaims, "a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet in diameter, which I can show in my garden at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral. It mocks at the rudest assaults of weather, beasts, or hedge-beaters." But more beautiful than even "this rare hedge, the boast of Evelyn's villa," is the holly-tree growing in its native soil. Formerly this species was more abundant in a wild state than it is now, and many places in England are named after the "Holme, Holly, or Hulver tree." At Holmwood, in Surrey, beneath the slopes of Leith Hill, the holly is still plentiful, and presents a fine sight in winter time, especially in seasons when berries are abundant. The same is true of the New Forest, where, as Gilpin says, "mixed with oak or ash or other trees of the wood, it contributes to form the most beautiful scenes, blending itself with the trunks and skeletons of the winter, or with the varied greens of summer." From time immemorial the holly, with the ivy and mistletoe—another native evergreen—has been asso-

ciated with Christmas, as we are reminded in the mediæval ballad:—

Christmastide  
Comes in like a bride,  
With holly and ivy clad—

and many of us, with Lord Tennyson, have maintained the ancient traditions, when

Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth.

The yew-tree is not far behind the holly in the beauty of its winter garb, and in its sacred associations. From the earliest times it has appealed to the imagination of man. But unlike the holly it has not allied itself to thoughts of gladness. The "dismal yew," as the poets call it, "with its thousand years of gloom," has far other memories. In mediæval times it was often carried in solemn procession on Palm Sunday, in which connection some ancient writers speak of it under the name of "Palm." It was associated, too, with death and burial, and with churchyards. Shakespeare alludes to some use made of it in this connection in *Twelfth Night*:—

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
Oh! prepare it.

On the other hand, most people will agree with Charles Waterton in his admiration of the yew-tree. Charming, he well says, is its appearance after the sun has passed the autumnal equinox. The delicate crimson of its fruit, with the dark green leaves behind it, present as pleasing an effect as any to be met with in a winter's ramble. Moreover, the song-thrush and the mistletoe-thrush love to feed upon its berries, and the golden-crested wren to play among its branches. And in praising the yew-tree we must not forget its humble relative, the lonely juniper, which gives distinction to many a chalk down and barren hillside. The dark glaucous hue of its foliage can be rec-

ognized at some distance; and like the yew, it also bears berries, "greene at the first, but afterward blacke, declining to blueness, of a good savor, and sweet in taste."

The wealth of our winter foliage is further increased by the extraordinary luxuriance of ivy, which "climeth everywhere," on trees, old buildings, and walls, and often covers wide stretches of ground. Belonging to that order of plants which, as an old writer says, "have need to be propped up, for they stand not of themselves," the ivy is seen in its greatest perfection when it has taken possession of some spreading pollard-tree. Then it is that, "sending forth a multitude of little boughs every way, whereby, as it were, with arms it creepth and wandereth

*The Outlook.*

far about, and bearing small and mossie flowers, which in due course produce bundles of black berries," the birds of the air love to lodge in the branches of it. It is not the "owl" only that seeks the shelter of the "ivy-bush," or, in spite of the assertion in an ancient carol, that deigns to feed upon its berries. When the haws along the hedgerows have disappeared, and the berries of yew and privet, of mountain-ash and mistletoe, have been consumed, then do thrushes and black-birds and wood-pigeons resort to the ivy-bush for food. And as for a snug and sheltered retreat in winter-time, when the silent snow possesses the earth, there is no place more secure or more sought after than the deep recesses of an "ivy-mantled" tree.

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### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

There is a famous writer on racing matters whose weekly articles in a contemporary are full of language which is constantly quoted, approvingly or otherwise, by his fellow-journalists, and which every man has longed to apply at one time or another to the events of the passing year and their actors. "An anserous and asinine crowd," "muddy-headed moon-calves," "the gullible herd"; who would not long to fling adjectives and substantives of this description at the head of some political or literary or social enemy? One ought not to use such language about children or Christmas, but the words recur to my mind with loving memory whenever I have read two or three score of modern books for children.

This year I have read fifty-three; last year I not only read about the same number, but had the honor of talking to half a dozen or so of their authors while the immortal works in question were being written; the year before

that I read some incredible number (I believe over a hundred) of the same class of books; and the question which presents itself to me with yearly growing force is, What on earth is in the mind of the man or woman who deliberately sits down and writes three or four of them? It must be remembered that a large majority of authors of this description write their books, not in the fashion of even moderately intelligent novelists, at the rate of one per annum, but at the rate of two and three, and sometimes five or six, in the year, all of which are published within a few weeks of one another, and seem for some obscure reason to bring their authors a mild but enviable and regular income.

The secret of the sale of these books is open to anybody who knows the nursery and school-room worlds. It is a matter of the bachelor uncle, the maiden aunt, and the well-meaning, but ignorant, friend. No human being who



has ever spent an intimate week with a child, listening to the creature's opinions, and noting its actions, would ever dream of considering more than one per cent. of the child-books published every year nowadays for Christmas or birthday presents. In that week's conversation it is impossible that you could have failed to hear the young person's real private opinion of this literature. At first she suspects your bona fides. If you ask her opinion of a gift book, she puts you down mentally at first as a friend of the giver, a friend of the author, or possibly the author in person, who is in any case going to "tell" if she expresses her real opinion of the book. A day or two later comes the cautious admission that she "began to read" the work of art in question, but Miss X. (her governess) told her that she "might put it away." Later on, if in several ways you have shown yourself to be perfectly trustworthy, she will tell you her candid opinion of the book, occasionally in the most startling language. "I call So-and-so," a twelve-year-old lady wrote to me once, "sodden rot, only mother says I mustn't use Guy's words without telling her beforehand." Then she criticised several other Christmas and New Year gift books with equal candor, the whole forming a letter which, if I published it, would cause a painful and somewhat considerable stir among authors, publishers, and critics whose work centres round the children's Christmas season.

But it must be remembered, among the more curious details of this matter, that not a hundredth part of the persons dealing with child literature know anything whatever about a child's personal tastes. They need to know nothing, because the child's taste, as I have said, is an infinitesimally unimportant part of the sale of the book; and in these busy times few people want to "get up" a subject which will bring

them neither thanks nor profit. The publisher and critic "play up to" the bachelor uncle, whose 3s. 6d. is, naturally enough, the real matter. What is in his mind I do not pretend to guess. Naturally he is quite unaware that the modern child in its schoolroom reads "David Copperfield," "Cranford," and the stories of Charlotte Yonge; he never goes there, and if such a visit were anticipated the young person would be found buried in his own last gift book. It would be unreasonable to expect him to know any better, since his views are culled from the daily papers; and the dim suspicion which surely must occur to him now and then, that the omniscience of such critics stops at the bottom of the nursery stairs, rarely becomes a certainty to his mind. I remember it was not confirmed in my own mind till I had read numerous notices on the death of Charlotte Yonge, whose well-thumbed volumes stack the shelves of three-quarters of the children of my acquaintance. "A writer for the Parish Library," said a brief biography in a famous "yellow" journal. "Yet there is something in her books besides sanctified twaddle," a similar newspaper graciously admitted. "The kind of incident which she thought attractive makes her seem old-fashioned to those who have been trained in the work of George Egerton, 'Iota,' and Sarah Grand," wrote another person, who, it is to be hoped, does not put his theories into practice by distributing cheap editions of "The Yellow Aster" and "The Heavenly Twins" or their successors as schoolroom presents at this season. In truth, when one reflects that it is stuffed up with such verdicts that the bachelor uncle goes to Hatchards in search of literary Christmas presents, one wonders why the result, as visible on schoolroom bookshelves, is no worse.

I have heard the theory advanced with much fervor that it would do the

ordinary child less harm, intellectually and morally, to read the most scandalous of modern "grown-up" books than the dreary school stories, sentimental yarns about sick, widowed mothers, and fifth-rate adventure tales which litter the lists of modern publishers. There would be something to be said for the theory, but for one fact. The trashy plots of the stories which I have in my mind, coupled with the villainous slipshod English in which they are written, would debase youthful literary taste, and thereby do a considerable amount of damage—if the child ever chanced to read them. But the lady or gentleman in question does nothing of the sort. He or she has a private library kept for reading purposes, and another kept for the reception of gift books. Madame Albanesi summed up all the advantages of these literary gifts in a recent article, where she described how "the advent of a parcel still has its proper measure of mystery and excitement, and the dignity of twelve years melts into the eager haste of ten as the string is cut, the brown paper is unwrapped, and the neat arrangement of Christmas books is revealed." That "parcel" is the sum and substance of the whole matter, very much as leaving the house in a taxi or carriage is the "summmum bonum" of many parties. "It's the going which matters to me, not the where," said a small, excited bundle of wraps to me once, when I was cross-examining her delicately as to her reasons for wishing to pay a third visit to a

*The Saturday Review.*

house where she had once frankly admitted that she was invariably and badly bored; and if that brown paper parcel described by Madame Albanesi had a dozen farthing Christmas cards in it, it would be just as popular.

The real difficulty is that books for children require an amount of work and knowledge altogether disproportionate to the money which you are going to make out of them. It strikes one at first as curious that writers like Mr. Barrie, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Cholmondeley, and Madame Albanesi herself, who know a child's mind as well, in schoolboy parlance, as if they had been down there with a candle, should not more often imitate the devotion of writers like Miss Yonge or Mr. Henty or Madame de Ségur, and give up a year or two to mere unadulterated child work. Then, on reflection, one perceives that one is asking these writers for a work of mere charity, which they may or may not feel inclined to give, but whose refusal cannot be met with reproaches. Mrs. Clifford's "Anyhow Stories" and "The Getting Well of Dorothy" show that their author can write nursery and schoolroom work which is very rapidly put apart by the child-reader from other gift books; while the work which the author of "Peter Pan" would do after this fashion makes one's mouth water to think of. It is rough luck on the small folk that their literature should not at least hit some happy medium between this and the actual publishers' lists of 1909.

*Edward H. Cooper.*

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

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Mr. George Randolph Chester's "The Making of Bobby Burnit" was as pleasant a farce-comedy as could be constructed on a basis of business immo-

rality, but in his new book, "The Cash Intrigue," he attempts to handle the mightiest forces of human society, and the result is the bitterest tragedy. The

hero, desirous of revenging the ruin and death of his father, the victim of ruthless stock speculators, presents to a certain Henry Breed a plan by which all the cash in the country may be concentrated in his hands. The next step in the game is to secure control of the railways and the next to obtain the presidency for the hero, but the result of the necessary tampering with the natural course of events is anarchy for the country and madness for those who would fain have controlled it for their selfish ends. Love remains, unconquerable by intrigue and the flag remains, and "The Star Spangled Banner" takes the place of the song of the shedders of blood, "La Marseillaise." Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. D. P. Rhodes in "The Philosophy of Change" gives the principle of continuous and universal change as the basis of his philosophy, asserting that the principle is inevitably derived from experience; and that as the most general and obvious of all principles, it permits of the utmost possible filling in of detail; and he declares that by the light of its implications, the abandonment of outworn practices and prepossessions becomes an obvious duty. It is not upon his early chapters, much less upon that treating of "The Fiction of the Universe," and expressed chiefly in mathematical formula that general attention will centre but upon those entitled "A Rational View of Death" and "Immediate Implications," and these alternately remind one of Mr. H. G. Wells's speculative novels and "The Stars and the Earth." Nothing less than the abandonment of law and morality will satisfy Mr. Rhodes, and he is clever enough to make his philosophy seem expedient. There is no danger that his book will be neglected. It affords other philosophers too good an opportunity to air their own theories while criticising his. Macmillan Company.

Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart's "When a Man Marries" introduces the innocent reader to a lofty height of wealth and refinement at which bridge is but a commonplace form of gambling, and a roulette wheel forms part of the furniture of a private house, but aside from this somewhat astonishing luxury the story is amusing enough. The heroine, the narrator explains, in an evil moment agreed to pretend to be a man's wife, that his aunt and benefactress might not discover that his marriage had ended in a separation. The scheme did not look feasible at the beginning, but upon it successively, simultaneously and at varying times fell the American press, small pox, a policeman, a burglar, influenza and the departed wife and the consequent confusion was as when one without wisdom hitteth the home of the hornet and the inhabitants come forth armed to slay the sons of men. In short, confusion reigns and everybody quarrels and nobody dreams of the soft answer, and the reader like the parson in "The One Hoss Shay" is perplexed. There is no tragedy, no suspicion of a tragedy, nothing but farce, but even farce can be puzzling when skilfully blended and Miss Rinehart knows the exact proportions to attract and sustain interest. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The pronunciation of a consonant is no difficult matter to the man or woman with sufficient intellectual capacity to obey a rule implicitly, but the pronunciation of a vowel is so difficult of definition that until very lately it has been supposed that it could be taught only by oral example. In her "The Technique of Speech" Miss Dora Duty Jones explains the method by which she has for some years taught classes in New York, London, Paris, Florence and Berlin, correcting provincial accents and even training pupils to pronounce words in languages with which

they were entirely unacquainted. Briefly her method may be said to consist of securing and maintaining perfect control of the tongue, the lips and the soft palate, and for these processes she gives full directions. She also furnishes colored plates, showing precisely what she means by certain technical phrases of her own invention and to these she adds a "Vowel Table," stating the exact positions required for the production of each vowel. Armed with these, an industrious and obedient person could certainly improve in the pronunciation of English, although he could hardly hope without instruction to attain to such perfection of speech as this book records of the daughter of Mario and Grisli. Miss Jones's book is one of those which should be in the school libraries, not for compulsory use, but to inspire those rare pupils who desire to attain perfection. Harper & Bros.

The Hon. John W. Foster's years in the diplomatic service have already borne fruit in a group of instructive volumes, and he now avails himself of the retired diplomatist's agreeable privilege, and writes his "Diplomatic Memoirs," two handsome volumes with photogravure portraits of himself and Mrs. Foster, and portraits of ministers from foreign countries to the United States, two presidents of Mexico, two Kings of Spain, the murdered Emperor of Russia and certain American statesmen, among them Oliver P. Morton before the weary days of old age came upon him. Mr. Foster gives but little space to his personal history and ancestry, but disposes of them and of his appointment to the Mexican ministry in a single chapter, and gives the next ten

to Mexico, of which he presents an excellent geographical description, besides recounting the events by which President Diaz was placed in supreme authority. After eight years of Mexico he was sent to Russia where he remained but a short time, returning to the United States on leave of absence, and thinking it best not to go back. Sixteen years later he was again sent to St. Petersburg to find the present Czar on the throne, and the condition of the country very different from that prevailing before the emancipation of the serfs so far alienated the noble from the crown. Spain was his next charge, and since he withdrew from Madrid he has served China in a peace mission to Japan; has twice taken part in the Hague conferences; has been Secretary of State, and as an international lawyer has taken part in many delicate negotiations. It is a long, honorable story, doubly pleasant because it is nearly free from the exciting events in which a minister may have to take part. Mr. Foster's energy and ability have always been manifest, and he modestly prints a few of the letters and other testimonials showered upon him by sovereigns, ministers and his own chiefs, but the impression left upon the reader is entirely different from that received from similar records of European officials. The frank simplicity of the life seems alien to the very word diplomatic, yet the simplicity seems to have been quite as useful to his country as would the practice of all Talleyrand's arts. His book belongs to the little group to which one may point as American, a group ever growing, a steadily increasing historical treasure. Houghton Mifflin Company.

